

Annie Hawthorne



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POEMS OF
ANNIE HAWTHORNE





Annie Hawthorne

THE POEMS OF
ANNIE HAWTHORNE
(ELIZA ANN HORTON)

Arranged and Compiled by
E. JAY HANFORD



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By ELIZA ANN HORTON



M.C.W. Jan. 5-1911
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*With affectionate tenderness,
I dedicate these poems
to my husband*

THOMAS HORTON

*and
to
our dear children*

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AN APPRECIATION

FROM the deeps of the dim Unknown, radiant with the splendour of the gods two mysterious figures steal silently through the mist of the morn upbearing an heaven-born Spirit, whose eternal years, but a moment born, have not been sullied by the fears that men make to mar their lives. As the sun comes up and the shadows flee apace the Spirit is slowly raised to an height above the reach of ordinary men and "just a little lower than the angels." The veiled faces of the forms unknown turn quickly, and are gone. Men say in rejoicing that a child is born; but the angels in awe-stricken silence whisper, "A Soul!" and bow their heads.

There are stars that for ages have shown unseen; and the music of the spheres only rare souls hear. Few are the men, who having eyes have seen the light, who having ears have heard the sweetly-sung soul-strains of this Spirit of nine decades. There is no path nor walk of common life where her voice is not heard. If she croons above the cradle, she also weeps with those that weep. If she inspires youth, she gives courage to the disheartened elders. If it is dark, she is the light. If all is sad, hers is the song. Though her viol has but four strings she sounds the whole harmony of the soul. There are no stops she has not drawn.

Those who have heard her poems have recognised a peculiar delicacy of thought, a tenderness of expression,

and a deep spirituality of tone. And while they rose to call her blessed, they besought others, saying:

“Spread wide your mantles, while the gods rain gold.”

While she sung, a voice from Concord said, “What you are speaks so loud, I can’t hear what you say.”—Not in any encomiastic spirit, but with a true recognition and appreciation of songs well sung and deeds well done do we write. To sing purely one must live purely. The poems were possible because of a singular sweetness of disposition, an unfeigned humility of nature, a depth of personal religion and a transparent purity of life. With a firm faith in man and a strong love for Nature she looked up singing and loved Nature’s God. Did not the ancient Arabian singer in his “Mufaddaliyat” sing of her truly:

“Afar from the voice of blame her tent stands for all to see. . . .

When mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.”

Annie Hawthorne—Eliza Ann Horton—daughter of Daniel and Frances Galigher Dusenbury, was born on Munroe Street in New York City, April 25, 1822. Her mother was a descendant of the Pardee family of France, who fled from their castle to this country and settled with other Huguenots at New Rochelle. Her father was of Holland extraction.

The poet’s education was obtained in private schools of New York. On her seventeenth birthday she removed with her parents to a new home on the corner of Broadway and Spring Street, White Plains, N. Y.

Two days before Christmas of the following year—1840—she married Thomas Horton, grandson of Major

Jonathan Paulding Horton of the Revolution, who was a descendant of Barnabas Horton, who came from Southhold, England. Soon after she went to reside on a farm on Mamaroneck Avenue, White Plains. At the close of the Civil War removal was made from the old house, where ten children had been born, and wherefrom the eldest son—Will—had left as a volunteer for the army, to a new house not far distant on the same avenue. In this latter home the poet lived until 1894. Since then she has resided with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Lefurgy, of White Plains, N. Y.

E. JAY H.

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

“ While I was musing, the fire burned.”
—*The Psalms.*

POEMS OF ANNIE HAWTHORNE

WHAT SHALL I SING?

SHALL I sing you a song of a maid or a man;
Shall I sing of the trees or the flowers;
Shall I sing of the grass growing under my feet;
Or the vines creeping over the bowers?

Shall I sing of the sun, shining bright in the sky;
Or the moon, hanging low in the west;
Of the green waving grass, or the roses that bloom
By the roadside that I love the best?

Shall I sing of the wind that lashes the sea,
Or sports with its silvery foam,
Or the waves that would rock you a lullaby,
Or bear the good ship to its home?

Shall I sing of the heart, or the pulses that throb
At the sight of the loved one's face;
Shall I sing of the soul in its Heavenward flight,
Leaving only a shadowy trace?

Shall I sing of Heaven, of its great white throne,
Glory, Halleluiah and rest?
Tune my heartstring to sing of my home,
Thou knowest I love it the best.

A SONG TO THE SUN

GORGEOUS, glorious, setting sun,
From whence doth all thy splendor come?
Thy burning face and crimson rays
Have set the Heavens all ablaze;
And every cloud of fleecy white
Thou paintest with a purple light.
The mountain tops are tinged with gold;
Their gray, rough sides, so grand and bold,
In thy bright presence don their best—
Throw o'er their heads a golden crest.

Thou makest the rainbow in the cloud,
And lightest the spires, so tall and proud,
That rise above the city's din,
And point the way to flee from sin.
Shedding thy light alike on all,
Thou bidst the reign of darkness fall.

Thy bright rays, falling on the trees,
Play hide and seek among the leaves,
Which, trembling, shine beneath thy glance
As thou among the leaves doth dance,
And, bright as is their living green,
For thee doth wear a brighter sheen.

Thou breakest forth from regal night,
And flowers wear their jewels bright;
The wild waves of the dark blue sea
Doff their bright silver caps to thee,
Casting their liquid gems at morn
Back to the seas, where they were born.
If aught on sea, or earth, or air
Hath any charm, thou art found there.

A GUSH OF SPRINGTIME

MILLIONS of rosebuds sprout on the bush,
Clear sounds the note of the little, brown thrush,
Close lies the dew on the bright, green leaves
That grow on the vines which cover the eaves.

Under its shelters a Phebe-bird's nest,
Its bright, little eye and its soft, brown breast
You can see, peeping under this cluster of leaves,
Pretty, sweet birdie just under the eaves.

Morning's fresh breezes are scented and sweet,
Crowds of bright buttercups under my feet,
The green of the springtime hath covered the brown,
Its sweet buds and blossoms is now shaking down.

The honeybee sleeps in its whitewashed home,
Awaiting the warmth of the noonday's sun,
While bright, red clovers are calling to them,
As they grow in the grass on their low-growing stem.

Asparagus beds are sprouting their buds;
Crocus and peonies to each other nod;
While over the turf is a mantle of green,
That will last all the summer, 'til winter, I ween;

While over and over this beautiful earth
The good Being reigns, who gave it its birth,
Who willed, and 'twas done, while Heaven was hushed,
From the great, round world to the little, brown thrush.

As I look all about on this bright, rosy morn,
I bless the good Lord that I was well born,
For all of these glories were created for me—
Honey-bee, blossom, song-bird, and tree.

SPRING MONTHS

THE violets, sleeping so long under ground,
Are opening now their blue eyes all round.
You know when they're near; their exquisite perfume,
Filling the air with the breath of their bloom,
Tells you just when they are lifting their heads,
And where they are making their beautiful beds.

The old-fashioned boxwood, so trim and so straight,
Hath guarded them well, both early and late,
And kept them tucked under since last fall they hid,
Under the warmth of their leaf-coverlid.
They seem to be causing you now to arise,
And lift up to you their violet eyes.

The brooklets are singing their spring melodies;
The leaflets are coming and trimming the trees;
The woods are resonant with the peep's echo-song;
The nights, they are shorter; the days, growing long;
The warmth of the sun is reaching far down,
Quickening the shrub-roots to make their flower-crown,

And, flooding the orchard with touch soft and light,
Will fling a bright mantle of pure pink and white;
And every twig will be bonnie and gay,
Dressed in their best, for the sweet month of May,
When deftly and daint'ly she tips o'er the glen,
Dropping whole lapfuls of flowers now and then

Daisy and buttercup, daffy-down-dill,
She trails o'er the pathway and over the hill—
The first of the spring months, the sweetest and best,
Crowning them all, with a bright flower crest;
While the fields are abloom and the birds sing a tune,
She blushes and courtseys, and ushers in June.

ROBIN REDBREAST

COME, Robin Redbreast, little dearie,
And sing me that song again;
It cheereth the heart so weary
And banisheth half of its pain.

You need not look at me so shyly,
Need not feel any alarm.
No, little birdie, I love thee,
And never could bring thee to harm.

Come, tell me, thou beautiful rover,
Where thou this long winter hath been,
Since thou fled, with the last breath of summer,
Tell me, dearie, where hast thou been?

Did'st choose the snow-capped mountains,
Or hide in the rocks that were cleft?
No, no! if you had, little birdie,
There would not be aught of you left.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS AND LILACS

APPLE-BLOSSOMS and lilacs,
A My heart grows young again.
Apple-blossoms and lilacs
Banish all its pain.
Weary the heart with waiting
All the long winter through,
Tired of waiting for spring-time,
Pretty blossoms, for you.

I'm sitting in the garden
'Neath the old apple tree,
Sniffing the scented vapours,
Happy as I can be,
The petals falling round me
In showers of pearly white
Seem like a sprinkling of glory
From out the land of light.

The fragrant, purple lilacs,
Each side the cottage door,
So fragrant that they make you
Wish you could smell more.
Come in my heart, sweet spring-time,
Make for thy presence room,
And chase away the coldness
Of the long winter's gloom.

TO A ROSE BUSH

(Lines to a rose-bush that had crept through the fence, and come up under a green fir tree in the yard of a neighbor.)

HOW did you come over, there, rosy bush,
Blooming so sweetly with modest blush;
Looking as if you might really be
The blossoms of that winter tree?

Planted here in this garden bed,
Among your sisters, white and red,
You slyly crept to its very edge,
Stealing under the garden hedge.

You found the roots of this winter tree,
And begged of him to shelter thee.
Bare was thy stem on the wintry breeze,
Covered was his with bright, green leaves.

Coyly you whispered, if he'd take
You in his shelter, you would make
His branches gay with blossoms fair,
And with their fragrance fill the air.

Blossom away, for you don't know
The grace and beauty you bestow,
Blooming on that green fir tree;
Really one you seem to be.

SUNSHINE

IF there's a pleasant, little nook
Where all is green and fair,
You may be very sure indeed
The sunshine has been there.

If there's a tree that's laden with
Ripe fruit fine, rich and rare,
You never need to doubt the fact
That sunshine has been there.

If there's a field of golden grain,
That's neither scarce nor spare,
Look up to God with thankful heart,
For sending sunshine there.

If there's a joyous, happy band
Where hearts are full of mirth,
Dark clouds dare throw no shadows there
When sunshine's round the hearth.

God bless the sunshine on the hill,
The sunshine in the heart.
It warmly through our hearts doth thrill,
And dulls the sharpest dart.

RAIN

RAIN, rain, bright Spring-rain,
Coming in fitful showers,
Springing the grass on meadow and hill
The leaves and sweet-scented flowers.

Rain, rain, sweet Summer-rain,
Coming in soft, round drops,
I love to lay near the attic roof,
As ye fall on the old house top,

List'ning to its soft pat, pat, pat,
E'en wooing me fast asleep.
It falls to the roots of the waving corn
And up through its green stalks creeps.

Rain, rain, dear Autumn-rain,
Striving in vain to keep
The green on the fields, forest and brake,
The flowers from going to sleep.

Rain, rain, dark Winter-rain,
Hie to the woodland stream,
Break the chain, winter has lain
On its last bright Autumn gleam.

THE LILY-BUD AND THE ROSE

THE lily-bud said to the rose one day,
“ Come with me in the grass to play ;
The dewdrops are trembling and sparkling there
Like unspoken words in a maiden’s prayer.”

The rose looked down in her scorn and pride,
Said, “ No, Lily-bud, you can’t be my bride ! ”
And the lily hung down her bells with pain
Refusing ever to lift them again.

When passing the rose with her perfume sweet,
Remember the lily-bud low at her feet.
Though modestly hanging her sweet bells down
They’re fragrant and fitting to wear in your crown.

A SUMMER SHOWER

QUIV'RING lights in angel hands,
Booming guns in upper lands,
Beating rain on tasseled corn,
Little daisies all forlorn.

Flowing o'er the dam again,
Washing windows, bending grain,
Running streams from dripping eaves,
Laying dust, varnishing leaves.

Making springs gush o'er the rocks,
Growing grass for kine and ox,
Wetting cabbage, onion, beet,
Driving off the stifling heat.

Following thine own, mad will,
Running races down the hill,
Gouging gutters deep and wide,
Laying stones bare side by side.

Gurgling brook and swelling dam
Say you came from the great I Am
Singing songs like fairy sprites
As with airy grace you light.

Here and there with nimble hoof
Beating time upon the roof,
Making music of the storm
But, dear heart, you don't stay long.

Do not wait so long again
E'er you come, sweet summer rain.

AN HARVEST SONG

SWITH! Swath! Here we go,
S Three reapers in a row.
Come, fellows, breast to breast
Till the sun sinks to rest,
Till the bearded, golden grain
Side by side low is lain.
Rakers follow fast behind
Gather up in sheaves to bind,
Set them pointed in the shock
Praying God the clouds to lock.
“Keep the rain drops safely there,”
Is the reapers’ thoughtful prayer.

Swith! Swath! Here we go,
Three reapers in a row.
One! Two! Come along,
Sing aloud our harvest song.
Brawny arms, swinging blade,
Golden grain all nicely laid,
Ready for the raker’s hand,
Ready for the golden band.
Thus we lay them all day long
While we sing our harvest song,
Thank the Lord He kept the rain
From falling on the gathered grain,—
Back with His all-powerful hand,
Till the sheaves within their band
In the barn are safely stored—
A blessed present from our Lord.

AUTUMN LEAVES

THOU preachest us a lesson, bright, gorgeous,
Autumn leaves;

Thou tellest us Summer's past—its golden, harvest
sheaves

Have all been garnered in.

While gazing on thy bright tints in fancy oft we dream
That of dear ones on death's river we catch a bright
gleam,

Hear the rustling of their wings.

When we walk 'neath the shade of the winter-frosted
trees,

And our feet go rustling 'mong the brown and withered
leaves,

It makes our spirits sad;

For they whisper us of death; that we, like them, must
fall;

For the death-angel waiteth to touch us one and all,
To freeze the spirit glad.

When thou wakest, in the Spring-time, a veil of beauty
rare

Thou flingest o'er the treetops; while sweetly in the air
The birds are heard again.

And brightly o'er the brown earth where thou hast been
asleep,

And quickly o'er the meadow, brake, and the hillside
steep,

A carpet green is lain.

Fit emblem of our life,—Nature's work of beauty rare—
Gaily singing thy leaf-song sweetly in the air,
When comes the dread Frost-King,
And hushing thy wild notes, and withering thy fair form
As swiftly by his cold breath, thou art borne along—
A dry and withered thing.

KATY-DID

WHAT is it your Katie is saying to you?
“Katy did! Katy did!” What did she do?
She says, “She didn’t!” just over the way,
While you say, “She did!” What is it, I pray?
“Katy did!” Hush, is there no reprieve?
Poor little Kate feels bad, I believe.
Must you be scolding the whole night long?
Fie, naughty Katy, I think you are wrong.
Soon will King Frost come touching the trees,
Browning the meadows, and veining the leaves
With colors of beauty, and scatt’ring them down,
Leaving the branches both bare and brown.
Poor little Katie, then what will you do;
Quarreling now the whole night through?
No home for Katie then up in the trees,
All swept away with the falling leaves.
Make up your quarrels before it’s too late.
Make up, be friends. The seasons don’t wait.
Spring with her kisses woos buds into bloom;
But Autumn’s frost fingers turn all into gloom.

SNOW

OLD-FASHIONED snow of my childhood,
So warm and dry, and so white,
Not the damp, dirt-slush of the new time,
Melting away in a night.

It comes with a feathery motion
Floating awhile in the air,
Then falls with gentle murmurs like
The lisp of a maiden's prayer.

Then lying so still as if list'ning,
A moment scarce passes by
Ere they're all rolled up in a snowbank,
You cannot get through if you try.

It comes through the crack in the window,
The roof-top and ev'ry wee place.
Of the walls along the old meadow
The children cannot find a trace.

They wonder if grass will be growing
When God melts the great banks of snow;
If the daisies won't all be smothered,
The roads can be ever got through.

Oh, bright, joyous snow of my childhood!
Such visions of bliss thou dost bring
That while I look out of the window
I cannot but thy praises sing.

Joyous and free as the sunshine,
Pure as the pearls of the sea,
Bright as the flashing diamond,
White as our mantles must be,

To sing the song of the ransomed,
And answer the Shepherd's call,
Enter a princely mansion, built
On the plains without a wall.

But onward, on in the distance
A boundless space 'twill e'er be,
Filled with Christ's fulness and glory
He bought for us on the tree.

THE CLOUDS

O H! who doth not love the bright, beautiful clouds
As they float o'er the clear, blue sky—
The clouds that never in grief the heart shroud,
That lift us up almost on high!
They tell of a heaven, a bright angel throng,
Worshipping ever at God's white throne.
Striking their harps they sing this song:
"There's rest up in Heaven, ye wearied one."

And there's a bold army in battle array
Already to fight for their King.
Let's join the bright troops while yet it is day,
Ere the night takes us while on the wing.
Keep moving, keep moving; no time's to be lost
Or you'll fall in the whirlpool, forever be tossed.
When once on the way, keep steadily on;
Give yourself for a kingdom, your heart for a crown.

And there's a bald eagle with bold, spreading wings.
Like a monarch he rides o'er the sea.
He bids you be noble, above little things,
Or never with him may you fly;
For the man that's so base as to do a mean thing
Could never fly high though he had his broad wing,—
He that no man ever would trust,
His selfishness dragging him down to the dust.

A horn of plenty o'erflowing I see
Filled with ripe fruits and sweet flowers,
Just ready to fall upon you and on me
In full and copious showers.
God's blessings are ever so full and so free,
We need but look up and quickly they come.
Every hope's set before us if we would but see
And every joy to invite us up home!

MICHIGAN WOODS

HO, for the Michigan woods! Hurrah for its grand,
old trees!

Whose proud and stately heads bow not to the winter
breeze.

Measure this grand old trunk; look up to its lofty head;
Think of the things have perished, how many years have
fled,

Since it came from the earth a tiny, beautiful, fragile
thing.

E'en the honey-bee thought not on it to rest its wing,
The years it took to grow to reach this wonderful height,
How many mortals have perished, with angels' wings
took flight,

How many cities have peopled, how many towns been
built,

How many grave-yards dotted; then tell me, if thou wilt,
Of the redman 'neath its branches with his dusky bride
So agile-footed and graceful, bright eyes open wide,
As she hears the strokes of the whiteman felling the for-
est trees,

Making a home for his children 'neath their glittering
leaves.

No gathering of chieftains in solemn pow-wow now.
No war-dance 'neath its shadows, no swift, gliding canoe.
A-down the rushing rivers or dancing on the waves
Of the lakes of Michigan; not a warrior brave
Is now left to tell the story, old tree, only you
Shall tell it; we are waiting to listen it from you.

NIAGARA

NIAGARA, God's masterpiece, with wonder I look
upon thee

Pouring over thy mighty flood of waters forever and
for aye.

How can I paint thy grandeur, tell of thy wondrous
beauties,

Of thy roaring rushing rapids and the tremendous fall of
waters green and white,

Of silver spray and banks of snowy foam bridal-veil,
mist and rainbow,

Born with the world at the beginning, to last until the
end?

How can I find words, Niagara, to tell thee what thou
art?

Majestic, grand above all things I have ever seen.

Climbing to the top of the high tower to look out upon
thee

I was almost afraid my head would grow dizzy,

But when I stepped out upon the top and thy powers
were brought upon me,

Self was lost, swallowed up in thee; I was but as a
speck.

Great God, if Thou create things so great on earth,

What must be heaven? Help us, Lord, some day to see.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM

“O H, my home, my dear and happy home!”
The sailor-boy loud cries.
As all tired, weary and worn
Down on the deck he lies.

“Oh, home, home, dear, sweet happy home!”
Again, again he cries.
And very soon in slumber deep
Are closed those weary eyes.

His home, dear home, his own, sweet home
Now comes to him in sight:
The little cot with humble porch,
The roses red and white.

And now he shouts: “Home, home at last!”
Quick enters at the gate,
And runs along the garden path—
To supper he'll be late.

He steps within the kitchen door,—
The table nicely spread
With milk and honey, butter sweet,
And loaf of new-made bread.

“Willie, my darling, you are late,”
The gentle mother cries.
“Yes, mother, I had much to do,”
The boy full prompt replies.

They sit, and eat their simple meal
With grateful, thankful hearts.
A chapter read, a prayer they raise,
And then to bed depart.

He climbs up to his attic-bed
And 'tween its snowy sheets
He lies, and very, very soon
He drops to slumbers sweet.

He hears his mother stealing in,
Feels her hand upon his head.
He starts,—awakes,—'tis all a dream,—
'Tis not his attic-bed.

But he's sleeping on the ship deck,
The stars his vigils keep.
No mother, home, is there for him;
And down he lies to weep.

“Would that my father had not died,
I'd not been left alone,
Rocking o'er the wild, sea billows
Away from mother, home.”

“Up, up, my lad! Be at your work,”
The Captain's gruff voice calls.
He quickly does as he is bid,
But tears in silence fall.

THE ORPHAN'S PLAINT

MY eyes are weak with weeping,
My heart's sore and sad.
O, that God would pity me,
Me, an orphan lad!

My father long hath left us—
Mother dear and I.
She faded, faded slowly
Then she too did die.

They say she is an angel
Dwelling in the sky.
Mother, come and take me too.
Mother, won't you try?

This world's so cold and dreary
My heart feels now no joy.
Mother, do you hear me,
Love your barefoot boy?

Oh, if God can make me
An angel bright like thee!
Mother, won't you ask Him,
Won't you come for me?

OUR VILLAGE

On the incorporation of White Plains, N. Y.

WHAT the plague can be the matter!
In our village there's such a clatter,—
Men rushing here and there about.
What the mischief now is out!

Our village to incorporate
This fuss is all about.
And 'tis enough to make one laugh
Now the secret's out.

Here's one man with a paper—
The benefits to tell that
We may know if to sign our name
Would be acting wise or well.

One says, "You surely must
Sign this paper, for you see
First in the mud, then in the dust
Ever you will walking be.

You can't go out at night without
You smash your nose agin a tree.
When fog is dense, agin the fence.
You almost break your knee.

It's lighted up and nicely paved
Our streets we want to be
That when at night we want to walk
About us we can see."

Well, this seems right and very nice
To this we'll sign our name.
But just look out what you're about
Or you'll cross it out again.

Here's another paper round
Many signers it hath got.
It says, "The other is unsound,
Sign it you must not."

Another says, "To do this thing
Would bring more loafers in the town."
And surely if it does this thing,
We'll help to put it down.

Another says, "They can cut a road,
If they please, through any hole!
What matters it if they only get
More voters at the poll?"

Another groans, "Our taxes
Will twice as heavy be,
I shall pull up stakes, and sell
The first opportunity."

"O, dear!" says one, "who'd thought o' this?
To the other we put our names.
Now we'll just run after it,
And scratch it out again!"

Many letters have been written,
And up to Congress sent.
Both parties are determined
To have the way they're bent.

Of such a talk, and such a fuss
This village ne'er did see.
We hope the right will get it,
And win the victory.

THE FARMER'S DRESS

WHEN my husband came a-courting me,
I thought him quite a beau;
But then he wore a ruffled shirt
And collar white as snow.

I really never would have thought
He could so careless be
With his trouser-legs tucked in his boots,
The patches over the knee.

His clothes were wont to fit him nice,
Made out of broad-cloth black.
Now he wears no vest at all,
But just an old black sack.

His hat is a banged-up beaver
With slits cut all around.
Pray, what do you think of him, neighbor,
That his like could ever be found?

His boots are of heavy leather,
His cravat tied on one side.
If he should go a-courting now,
He never would find a bride.

But if a-courting he should want
To go, I'll warrant you,
He soon would doff that beaver,
Throw off his coat of blue.

His collar would shine out again
From under his whiskers grey.
His hair all nicely parted,
How smoothly it would lay!

The broadcloth and the ruffled shirt,
Gold chain, breast-pin and watch
Would all be used to lend a charm
To win some fair girl's heart.

But if it only is the dress
They change at their will,
Although they are not so comely
We will love them still.

But if they throw the virtue
And love all aside
Wherewith they wooed a maiden,
And won her for a bride,

It would be hard to love them,
So I'll take him as he is
With his breeches legs tucked in his boots
And the patches over the knees.

CASTLE-BUILDING

CASTLE-BUILDING, castle-building,
Building in the air.

A fairy sprite at my command
Bringeth her treasures rare,
Making for me a palace home
Beautiful, fair from base to dome.
Costly pictures adorn the walls;
Marble floors are in the halls;
Damask covers the windows tall,
A veil of lace flung over all.
Luxurious seats of velvet red,
Couches where one might make their bed,
Tables round, and tables square,
Baskets hanging in the air,
Trailing branches growing there.
Profusion scattered all around,
Books in blue and silver bound,
Jets of bronze and gilding bright
Are studded with their brilliant light.
Vases antique adorn the shelf;
Mirrors reflecting back one's self,
E'en as I gaze I really seem
Arrayed as if I were a queen.
A cozy fire burned in the grate,
And down before it Tillie sat
Resting her dainty, slippered feet
On a carpet pattern of golden wheat.
Slumber her senses soon enfold;
Fancy her pictures still unrolled,

And painted scenes of earthly bliss,
When husband waked her with a kiss.
She opened wide her eyes of brown,
When lo!—The castle tumbled down.
And in its place a white-washed cot
With bells of blue forget-me-nots,
Wisterias climbing o'er the door,
Sunbeams dancing o'er the floor.
The faggots burning on the hearth
Dance strange figures in their mirth.
Asparagus branches hang on the wall.
In this cottage is no hall,
A great, wide room, a cleanly hearth,
Warm with love, cheery with mirth.
Baby sleeping in his crib
At his chubby hands doth nib.
Husband in our love seems blest
And 'tis the picture I love best.

THE RAY OF LIGHT

ON a rainy day
A bright ray
Was out on a kind mission sent
To do all the good
It possibly could
So its way to the earth it bent.

It travelled away
By the light of day
And came down in a cold, dreary swamp.
“O, dear! O, dear!” it thought,
“I can never do aught
'Mongst the bogs and the bushes, and damp!”

It looked all about
The way to get out,
But wherever the good ray did go
The rushes soon sprang
From the cold earth warm,
And the buds on the bushes burst too.

'Twas a lovely scene
To see the earth green
And the brown of the bog to fade out.
The ray was quite pleased
To see with what ease
It so brought the queer thing about.

Then it wandered around
O'er the loveliest ground
Whereupon was a garden quite fair.
It opened the blossoms,
And ripened the fruit
Of full many a tree and shrub rare.

To a cradle it stepped
Where a babe then slept
And bright-lighted its fair golden hair ;
It kissed off the tear
That trembled there,
Made the infant more lovely and fair.

Then it sported o'er
The sea's crescent shore,
Made brighter the gold, shining sand ;
It lingered to roam
O'er sparkling, white foam
As the waves dashed up high on the land.

Then away it sped
To the dying bed
Of a little one soon going home.
It brightened the way
To heaven's glad day,
And left it there ever to roam.

Then it flew away
To a bridal gay
Where all was glad joy and true mirth.
Well, it rested now
On the fair bride's brow,
And to happiest thoughts it gave birth.

Then away it flew,
The air passing through
Till it fell on a drear prison-door.
It shot through a crack,
And left a bright track
On the gloomy, old, prison-floor.

Then it wended the way
That brought the glad ray
Of light to the prisoner's cell;
But it paused not there,
For to the walls bare
It said, "I must gild you as well!"

It sent forth a bright
And clear, orange light
That went to the prisoner's heart;
And it floated there
Like a mother's prayer,
And he prayed it might never depart.

As it hurried along,
The birds a glad song
Did raise to the Maker of day.
Men's hearts and the bushes,
The birds and the rushes
Were made glad by the sun's bright ray.

Thus this ray of light
Like an angel bright
Travelled all the livelong day.
It did all the good
It possibly could,
Then at twilight it faded away.

I'VE BEEN DREAMING

I'VE been thinking, fondly thinking
Of the times when I was young.
All the homes were bright and joyous.
Life was like a gleesome song.

All my dreams were brightened up
By the sun of blissful hope
That lights the pathway of our youth,
Makes life seem a blessed truth.

I've been thinking, fondly thinking
Of the friends I loved in youth.
Some are gently, sweetly sleeping,
Passed away to realms of truth.

Some proved false and were as fleeting
As a breath of summer air.
When the winter blasts came creeping,
Those false friends were gone for aye.

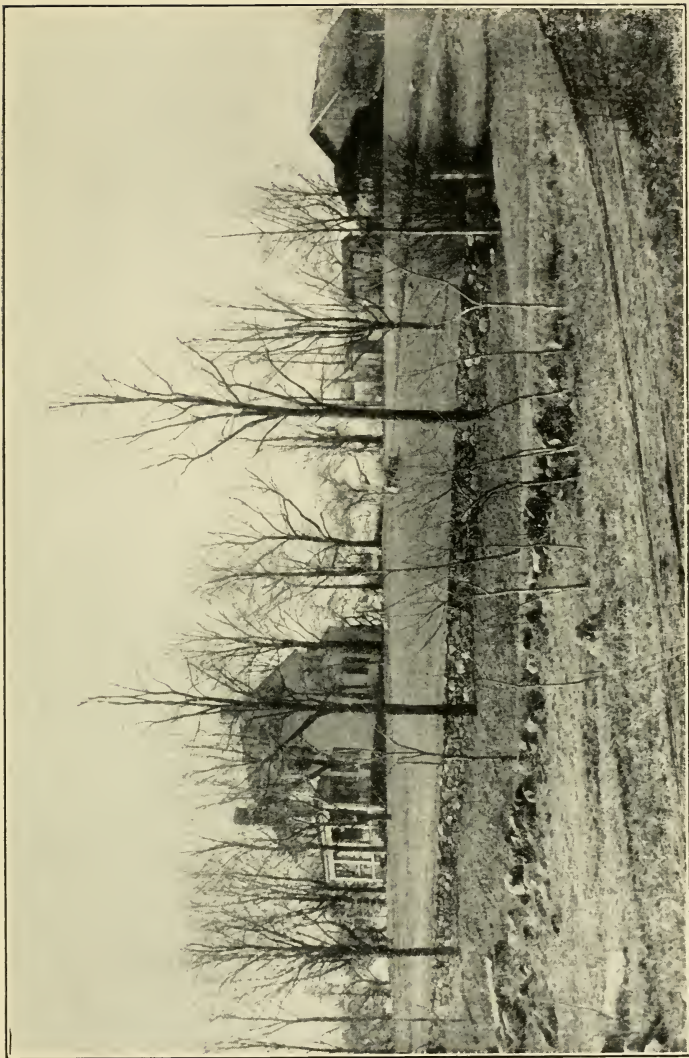
I've been wishing, vainly wishing
That it was with me again
As it was in days of childhood
When my heart was free from pain.

OUR COTTAGE HOME

OUR little, lowly, cottage home,
Why do we love you so?
Thy sides are white-washed clean and white;
Thy eaves are drooping low.
The roses clamber o'er thy door
Wherein we often sat
At quiet evening's twilight hour,—
Husband and I—to chat.
And when the night dews 'gan to fall
Within thy shades we drew.
Our hearts were planted in thy walls,—
That's why we love you so.

'Tis here I came when first a bride
My mission to fulfill;
'Tis here the sweetest memories
Within our hearts oft thrill.
'Twas here the hol'est affections
Did in our bosoms grow
For the children God hath given us,—
That's why we love you so.

Thy rooms are small, thy ceilings low,
Here find no reason true.
Our hearts now fondly cling to you
Nor why we love you so.
But our children 'neath thy structure
To manhood's pride did grow
And passed from out our loving care,—
That's why we love you so.



THE HORTON HOMESTEAD.

THOUGHTS

HOW often my fancy goes wandering off
In search of a long-thought theme
To find the bright pictures sharp-etched on my brain
And haunting my midnight dream.
But when the sweet vision's beginning to dawn,
The lights and shadows to play,
And feeling its beauty my heart slow grows warm—
All quickly it passes away.

How oft my heart panting for true sympathy
Hies to the heart of a friend,
And dragging its depths, finding no tear for me
Then low before God I bend.
The hopes that I treasured, the castles I built
Time's ruthless hand hath torn down.
Though earth yields no wealth nor treasures to me,
Heaven may grant me a crown.

Though life's paths are rugged and thorn-bestrewn
That pierce me wherever I go,
I'll strive to be patient, awaiting the crown
Of the faithful here below,
To hear the blest words from Immanuel's throne
Fall sweet on my listening ear,
"Thy task is well finished; thy work is well done.
Come, rest from thy labours here."

THE CHILD-BUDS

THERE were two opening child-buds
Touched with beauty rare,
And blooming sweetly side by side
Were full of promise fair.

One was op'ning out its leaves,
And you could just begin
To see the loveliness there was
Enclosed within its green,

When the stem was rudely broken.
It wilted, drooped and died,
And left the other blooming where
They once bloomed side by side.

The parents thought their cup was full,—
That it could hold no more,
When the other was taken too
To bloom on heaven's shore.

And who can say but it was right
To plant those child-buds where
They might put forth such beauty bright
They'd lure those parents there?

OLDEN TIMES AND CHRISTMAS CHIMES

PASSING through my memory is a dream of olden times,
Tinged with veins of sadness, mingled with Christmas chimes.

A beautiful song is trembling sweetly on the air.
“Peace, and good-will to all men!” we hear it ev’rywhere,

The shepherds on the hillside, the angels coming down,
Proclaiming that a Saviour to the world was born.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Good-will unto men!

Peace on earth! Hallelujah! Amen and amen!

Up through the mist of past years a vision comes to me—
The sweetest of all bygones, our childhood’s Christmas-tree.

In the Valley of the Shadows a fair, brown head I see.

One fair October morning she fled away from me.

Through the unknown Hereafter she treads the silent air.

Always a cross before the crown awaiting us up there.

And though we sing the anthems, and ring the Christmas chimes,

We listen for the tolling bells of the olden times.

All hail, all hail to Christmas morn, all rev’rence to a Saviour born!

We’ll ring a merry Christmas chime flecked with thoughts of olden time.

Now through the gathered harvest of years I fondly trace

The winsome, beaming tenderness of my mother’s face,

A touch of baby fingers, an infant's soft, sweet coo,
A maiden's fair hand tolling a requiem soft and low,
And the deep-toned bass of manhood falls upon the ear.
List! 'tis a note of gladness, rung without a fear.
All through the sacred anthem, a solemn, tender strain
Is woven.— My mother's voice reaches my heart again.
Ring the bells! Toll the bells! Ring a Christmas
chime!
Let the stroke be merry, beating to olden time.

THE FALLEN HOUSE

'T IS a thing of the past, that old house, all torn down,
Laid in heaps of rubbish like hopes my heart hath
known,—

Hopes conceived beneath its rafters, born but for a day,
Hopes that made the heart ache, drifting far away.

We rear a fairy home nest; furnish it with care;
Dream not of the heart aches, waiting for us there;
Twine the creeping branches o'er the sweet home nest;
Sit beneath their shadows with those we love the best,

Listening to the droppings of a sweet refrain
Coming up from childhood to our hearts again,
From voices of our children going in and out,
Infinitely tender, then a gladsome shout,

Wist not of the changes that so soon shall come,
Wiping out the gladness of our humble home,
Knowing not the harp-strings in our love-lit home
So soon shall be broken,—darkness o'er it come.

Such is life—its fairest domes fall into decay,
And what seems best and brightest lives but for a day;
But Faith, the lovely angel, gathers what we love,
From the resurrection grave, bearing them above,
Where blooming into brightness—jewels rich and rare
Stud a crown in glory, sometimes we may wear.

OLD THINGS

OLD things come near my heart. Shall I tell you
why it's so?

They toll a knell with memory bells of long, long ago,
Of long-buried hopes and fears that in my heart hath
lain,

And make its pulses quiver with delight or with pain,
Of days when my lightsome footsteps chased the butter-
fly,

When my heart was wild with gladness and with joy
beat high,

When hope nestled like an angel deep down in my heart.
At the rustling of her pinions life anew did start.

Old things come near my heart. Can you tell me why
'tis so?

They toll a knell with memory-bells of long time ago,
When pale phantom death sad came in his shadowy ride,
Snatched the one we loved the best from our very side,
Flung the links close-linked with him a-down life's nar-
row stream

And taught us that life's lessons were naught but bitter
dreams.

Old things come near my heart, and I'll tell you why it's
so.

They bring up buried memories of long time ago.

Cherish the friend who proved himself loyal, good and
true,
When you were in the thicket he helped to bring you
through
He's worth a dozen new ones of fashionable set,
Who fly off in a hurry, if you in trouble get,
Will trample on your heart as if 'twere made of stone,
And when it's crushed and bleeding, leave you to weep
alone.

DREAMING

THAT tumbled-down, old arbor where mother often
sat,
Its leafy roof above her head, bright, purple clusters
that
We often strove in childishness with eager hands to
reach,
Heeding not, nor knowing what lessons distances teach.
That distance only lent the charm. Those near were
just as sweet.
The beauty of the flower is there, though blooming 'neath
our feet.
Ah well! one could, if now one would, find blessings
very near.
Those hanging high above our heads some other day
may cheer.

That high-backed chair, soft-cushioned, the Bible and the
stand,
The specks that now are hallowed by the touch of
father's hand,
Are dearly, dearly near my heart; they speak to me of
when
His love was all about us. O, would it were again!
The broken-down, old arbor with its purple clust'ring
fruit,
The chair, the stand, the Bible are witnesses, though
mute,
Of the memory of parents, whose love no tongue could
tell.
Ah,—yes! I love the old things that chime sweet mem-
ory-bells.

A DREAM

I'VE been dreaming, fondly dreaming
Of the days now past and gone,
Of the dearest, sweetest mother,
Ever graced a happy home,
Children's faces, loving voices
Clustered round the old hearth-stone,
Of that kind and gracious father,—
He with mother too hath gone.
I've been wishing, vainly wishing
That it was with me again,
As it was in days of childhood,
When my heart was free from pain.

THIS YEAR HATH RANG WITH ITS CHANGES

THIS year hath rang with its changes
From its dawning on to its end.
Our souls have been tried with its crossing—
The loss of our dearest friend.
For the mother that bore us and loved us
Hath stepped up away out of sight;
And, while we hear yet her teachings,
Is resting on waves of delight.
But, mother, though fond hearts are bleeding,
We dare not now call thee away
For the Saviour that wanted thee beckoned,
And bade thee close by Him to stay.

This year hath rang with its changes.
Friends that we deemed true as steel,
That never would leave nor forsake us,
Stand by us through woe or weal,
Have fled like the vapors of summer
When the winter came blust'ring along.
We felt not the warmth of their loving,
Nor strength to shield us from harm.
We have but one Friend that remaineth
Standing closer than even a brother,
And He this year hath stricken,
Taken from us our mother.

This year hath rang with its changes.
Some of the chimes were glad,
Thrilled the heart with joy-beating,
While some of the tones were sad.

Children that slept 'neath the home-roof
Have from us gone far away, and
Though we acknowledge the best-thing,
We rather would had them stay.
Good-bye, old year, though we love you,
We'll weave you a chaplet fair,
And hasten to welcome the new one
With a blessing and heartsome prayer.

SONG OF THE HOMESICK GIRL

A WAY down in the valley is a lowly, little cot,
Sweet-briars and jessamine blossom round the spot;
The perfume of their flowers are dearer far to me
Than any gay exotic could ever, ever be.
There brighter are the sunbeams that play upon the floor,
And redder are the roses that bloom around the door;
And greener grows the grass around that little cot.
Oh, in my heart it holds a most sacred, hallowed spot!

The old well in the garden, it seems but yesternight
My childish hands full caught the drops of liquid crystals bright
Which from the iron-bound bucket first dripped upon
my feet.
No fairy glass of ruby wine could e'er be half so sweet.
The birds up in the cherry trees, in rows a-down the lane
Wear gayer, softer plumage, and sing a sweeter strain.
The pictures drawn upon my heart of all things round
that spot
Can never, never be erased, can never be forgot.

DRIFTING APART

DRIFTING apart, drifting apart,
Keener and keener groweth the dart.
How it hath happened, I never could tell,
But while I list to the memory-bell,
My heart groweth sad, for every chime
Tolleth the knell of some happier time.

I hear the patter of childish feet
Side by side going down the street.
Why they have wandered, I never could tell,
But let me list to the Memory-bell,
For my heart loveth its low, sweet tone
Chanting the love of my childhood home.

Days that were happy, days that have fled,
Leaving their halos about my head.
Where they have flitted, I never could tell,—
But, list to the wail of the Memory-bell,
Chanting its dirge like a funeral-hymn,
Of hopes now shattered, then over the brim.

Drifting apart, drifting apart.
Sorrow comes making her prints in my heart,
While wreaths of affection are dropping their leaves.
My heart wants to hide away under the eaves
Where it was sheltered. No, I cannot tell
Why it hath happened or why it was well.

DREAMING

THE hour is very dreary, for
I am here alone.
My little ones have all grown up,
Somewhere else have gone.
Not one of them about me, yet
Now I seem to see, and
Hear them in the distance
Calling yet to me.
Little feet, chasing each other,
Patter on the stair.
Voices calling to each other,—
Hear them everywhere.
Ah, no! You cannot hear them
For they were never thine.
They are echoes falling only
On this heart of mine.

First comes a little fellow,—
He was my dearest pride;
His bright eyes full of wonder,
Always opened wide
To let in all God's pictures,
Paint them on his brain—
Himself the sweetest picture.
And in a sweet refrain
His voice is making music—
The lowest, sweetest tune.
He filled my heart entirely;
I thought there was no room

Till the darling, little sister
That shortly came along,
With her winsome, cunning ways
Taught me that I was wrong.

See them how fast they come
Like the bees with merry hum—
Some with shout, all with glee
All of them dear to me—
When they all come trooping in
Around the open fire
(For those were good, old times then).
My heart did never tire
Waiting on them, watching them.
They were beautiful to me.
The girls—they counted seven ;
The boys were only three.

THE HOMESTEAD

THE cricket sings under the hearthstone,
The same one that sang me to sleep ;
And while I list to its crick, crick, crick,
I forget I have crossed the deep ;
That the homestead I loved so dearly
Is far away over the sea.
The light that shines from the hearthstone
Will ne'er again flicker for me.

CHORUS :

Home, home, hearth and home !
Over the earth my feet may roam,
Yet treasured in my heart will be
Sweet memories, dear home, of thee.

The roses that bloom 'neath the porch-vine
Are redder than any beside.
In fancy I breathe of their fragrance,
Forgetting the world is so wide ;
That I passed from their shade one noon-time
A loving and happy bride ;
That I am not now at the homestead,
Its darling, its joy and its pride.

The moonlight drifts in through the window
'Tween branches of honey-suck vine ;
And the patch that lies on the carpet
Is brighter, because it is mine.

In its silver-sheeted beauty
It rests in its purity there
Like the Amen! of my father's,
Or the faith of my mother's prayer.

The shadows creep o'er it at nightfall,
And fold in a loving embrace;
While angels keep picket, the starlights
With their shadowy feet keep pace.
And the swaying tops of the tall trees,
Drooping over its sheltered eaves,
Help the angels to sing their watch-song
With its quivering, rustling leaves.

The brooklet runs on through the garden,
And baring her silver-tipped feet
Trips carelessly on o'er the rough stones
In hurry the angels to greet,
While the music of her laughter, as
Along it is joyously borne,
Is making the sweetest melody
At the homestead where I was born.

DO YOU NOT REMEMBER?

WHAT a lifetime! Ninety years,
Bridged by sorrows, smiles and tears!
Days were rimmed with jetted light
Shaded by hours of darkest night.
Do you not remember?

To us it seems, now coming on,
When you commenced your child-life song,
And the keynote ran so high,
The music mounted to the sky.
You could scarce remember.

The May-buds, then but scarcely seen,
Enwrapped for warmth in living green,
That strewed their petals on the air,
And covered up what spots were bare.
Can you not remember?

When the bass came chiming in,
Making up a sweet-toned hymn,
And your life was one with him,
And your harvest gathered in,
In your bright September.

How the years came trooping on,
Counting summers one by one!
Soon the last note shall be sung
For the winter now hath come.
And this your December.

What matters it, dear Auntie,
If the wintry days have come?
You may not rest beside the fountain
Where the living waters run.
You may drink to thy refreshing
Of the waters cool and sweet,
For they lead from where you're sitting
To the golden-sanded street
Passing through Jerusalem,
Where the King in glory sits.
A crown lies just beside Him,
And will your forehead fit.

Springtime and summer are pleasant
With buds and flowers and leaves,
But the autumn is far better
With its fruits and garnered sheaves.
With the winter comes the crowning
If you in patience wait.
Soon the summons will be sounding
For the angel at the gate.

Hark the echo crying ;

Angels at the gate !

Angels at the gate !

The time cannot be long, Auntie,
Angels at the gate !

WILLIE'S SHOE

ONE bright September evening when the grass was
wet with dew,

Dear Husband, you went back to look for Willie's shoe.
Carefully around you searched, while we sat on the stile.
The laughing rogue upon my lap sat laughing all the
while.

At last the truant shoe was found, in and out was laced,
Securely on the little foot Willie's shoe was placed.

Oh! that September evening is a thing of long ago;
Our heads are whit'ning over now like the winter snow.
But our hearts are just as warm, love, will ever beat as
true

Till the green grass is growing, love, over me and you.
But the babe we love so dearly, who lost that little shoe
Hath grown up to bright manhood.—May he to it prove
true.

May he be good and happy, his days be not a few;
Then sing a song in Glory—he, and I, and you.

MY LITTLE COT

NESTLING 'neath the hill-side
A cottage home have I,
All around, the sunshine,
Up yonder, the blue sky.

Trilling birds with song notes
Ever near at hand.
One must feel its beauty,
Lightly though 'tis scanned.

Brooklet running by the door,
Now lies calm and still,
While up the hill a little way
It frolics as it will,

Laughs with glee, while sending
Its many gurgling rills
Dashing o'er the rough rocks,
Then gliding down the hill.

Lying low in the lakelet
Hard by the cottage door
Seems tired of all its rambling
And rests between its shores.

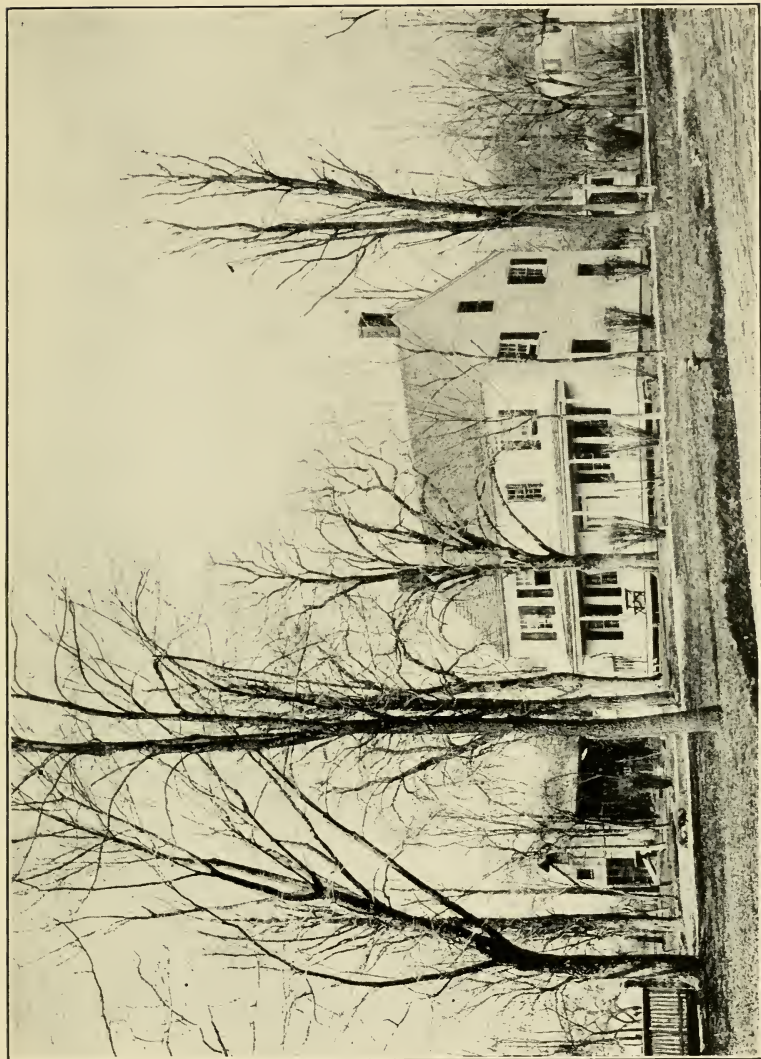
When the mists of even
Tremble o'er the spot,
A holy, happy place
Is my little cot.

LOVE OF HOME

WHY shan't I love my little cot,
Though homely it may be?
For many years through ills and joy
It hath protected me.
Beneath its roof my babes were born—
Bright children three times three.
None have been carried out the door,
God spares them all to me.

Why can't I love my little cot
As well as those who live
In palace-homes? It is not wealth
To men heart-comforts give.
The creeping vines twine round the porch,
And hang their blossoms o'er
As bright and sweet as if they grew
Close by a rich man's door.

Cool showers from heaven water them,
And make them just as sweet.
I never mean to reach for what
Is scattered 'neath my feet.
The bonnie, little spring-birds hang
Their nests among the trees,
And sing their sweetest melodies
Hopping 'mong the leaves.



THE DUSENBURY HOMESTEAD.

No gilded coach, no prancing steed
Doth help me on my way,
But sunshine's just as bright for me
As for the rich to-day.
The starlight's just as precious,
The moon is just as bright.
And all these things are mine, too.
God gives me all that's right.

My hearth-stone's dear and ever will
Be, till life's sands run down,
For round it's clustered many gems
To shine upon my crown.
And God will give me, when I die,
And on His borders land,
A palace-home above the sky—
A home not made with hands.

A MOSAIC

Written in the attic of the Old Homestead while sorting rags.

I

A PIECE of soft, rich lustre—
In many an ample fold
It fell about my mother's form,
Mother growing old,
Growing old, growing old,
Growing old, we know.
The locks about her temples
Are just as white as snow.
Grace lingers in her presence,
And dwells within her heart,
Reaches out to all mankind—
She doeth well her part.

II

A piece of soft peach-blossom'd
Ruffling of a dress,
Made when apple-blossoms were sweet,
And birds were in their nests.
How many prayers and blessings
We stitched into that gown,
Wishing for our eldest girl
The sun might ne'er go down!
Only a few short summers
Passed o'er that young girl's head

E'er she was left alone
To earn her daily bread.
While with caressing fingers,
We stroke the flowing train
Can scarce believe that 'tis all true
That broken is the chain;
That widow's weeds now robe the child
Left to earn her daily bread;
Two little daughters at her side;
The kind, good husband—dead.
I'll keep a little strip of this
To mind me of the time,
When life sped on with merry feet
To an harmonious chime.

III

Why, here's a ball of ravels!
When father brought it home—
A roll of bright, new carpet
To cover the sitting-room,
This ravelled from the endings,
When with fingers deft
We sewed the seams and bound them.
The beauty had all left
The old one, when the new one came.
It was not fit to see,
Though mother said, "'Til cleaning-house
We'd better let it be."
We knew better, so we thought,
And she let us, though she ought
Not have let us had our way.
Little ball of ravels, I will keep you too,
In memory of times I no trouble knew.

IV

For pity sake, what is this?
Why, 'tis a rumpled train,
All bedrabbled! Yes, I know,
'Twas caught out in the rain,
When Katie walked out with her beau
One summer afternoon, but
When the drops began to fall
They came home quick eftsoons,
But not before her plumage
Was limp and soiled too.
Now you know I wouldn't say
This, only just to you.
I can but laugh, when I think
How slim Katie looked,—
Something as if to Jericho *
She lately had been booked.
I do not think the girl was wise
To don a lengthy train,
To wipe the streets of mud and mire
When caught out in the rain.
I'll own they're pretty, graceful too,
When in the drawing-room;
But do not think they are so nice,
When used for a street-broom.
I cannot keep you lengthy train,
Because you went out in the rain,
And like all useless things you are
Better left just where you are.

* Old local phraseology. "O, I wish you were in Jericho!"

V

A PIECE OF WHITE CAMBRIC WITH BLUE
STARS

What is this—blue tiny stars
On ground of pearly white?
Only eighteen summers had
Passed o'er me that night,
When husband brought it home to me
To make a baby's dress.
How shyly I laid it away,
With quiet happiness,
In a drawer with soft, warm flannel
Linens, laces, caps and socks.
I never showed my treasures
Kept hidden under lock.
I see the Babe that wore them,
A happy, winsome boy,
The darling of his mother,
His father's pride and joy.
The little feet that tottered
Now firmly tread their pace.
The little head, once covered
With its dainty lace
Has rested on the battlefield
In its darkest night,
Fought his country's battles,
Battled for the right.

VI

A piece of mourning, made
In the gloaming of the fall
And with us came a shadow
Resting on us all.

With it came a mounded grave,
Cov'ring a dear one's face.
Alas! Alas! 'tis lain aside;
Another took her place.
Household gods are broken
In fragments you cannot count.
Though the pitcher once was full,
'Tis broken at the fount.
Green the grass is growing
Over more graves than one.
Trials come not single-handed;
A double race they run.
So, Little bits, I'll lay you up
In mem'ry of that one,
Who stepped out on Death's waters
Bravely all alone.
I know she did not wait long,—
Jesus was very near,
Walked the waves beside her
And bade her not to fear.

VII

A piece of cambric buff and blue
Made for my boy just turning two.
He was so full of tricks and wiles,
If you wanted to frown you found but smiles.
Grandmother took him, when I was sick
To care for him. Let me tell you the trick
He played her, when she laid her down
To take a rest in her nice, new gown.
He found a bottle of Spaulding's glue,
And helped her to varnish her sofa anew.
And when she lay down, she soon stuck fast.
This was one trick, but not quite the last.

Soon he found somewhere some ten-penny nails,
And drove through the bottom of one of her pails.
When Grandmother brought him home she said,
" He beats all the boys I ever have cared !"
She thought he might make a pretty smart man,
If any one could, would, come down to hard pan.
I'll lay this up with a smile and a sigh,
Hoping that goodluck will not pass him by ;
That thrift and wisdom will beckon him on,
Not only Earth's treasures, but Heaven's be won.

VIII

A bunch of withered violets,
However came it here?
Gathered in the spring time
Moist with many a tear.
When its fragrance meets me,
A picture comes to view.
Now look, just while I paint it,
That you may see it too.
A babe within a casket,
Crowned with beauty rare.
Even death could not steal it,
Make him look less fair.
With the smile upon his lip
And the curls upon his brow
You'd think his eyes would open
And recognise you now.
I do not want to keep you,
Poor, dead, withered flowers.
Angels have him in keeping.

He needs no care of ours.
Oh, tend him well then, Angel-nurse,
And keep him 'til I come!
For still his love, I now rehearse,
I'll need in Heaven's home.

IX

A BIT OF GREEN WORSTED.

Here's a bit of worsted
Like the spring time green,
When with fairy fingers
She spreadeth out her sheen.

Tis not of the happy hue
That covers o'er the vale
Of which I now am thinking,
But the sad, sad tale.

From the lips of a young mother,
Shedding bitter tears,
Pouring out her troubles
In a stranger's ears.

Trust not human friendship.
Whisper to the breeze.
Waft them up to heaven.
Tell them to the trees.

The birds among the branches
Will sing you some sweet song,
And fill your heart with comfort
To last you all day long.

Tell sorrows not to strangers.
Hide them in your heart—
Christ with all his angels
Will help you bear your part.

So, little bit, I'll lay you up
With the lesson you have taught,
And hope that mother never knew
The things the stranger thought.

FILL THE RANKS

GIVE no quarter, no quarter; come to the ranks;
come;

And drive the base rebels from vineyard and home.

We are brothers! We've felt it; we've rallied in power,
Yet to strike home the blow, we have put off the hour.

The time's past, my country-men, come to the ranks,
come,

And fling our proud banner from housetop and dome.

Come, all my young countrymen, come to the ranks,
come;

We will spare not proud mansion, give rebellion no home.

'Tis hard to fight, brethren, but the thing must be done.

We will linger no longer. Come to the ranks, come!

We have dallied already now far, far too long

For the foe to get ready and make himself strong.

But he never will conquer, the Union ne'er fall.

We'd fight—every soul of us—women and all.

Then march to the ranks, boys, come one and all come.

We have brave boys yet under the shadows of home.

Come, old men! Come, young men! Come, all ye that can!

And we'll teach them due manners to old Uncle Sam.

THE SOLDIER'S PARTING

WRAP thine arms around me, Love. Thou art mine.
Press me closer to thy bosom. I am thine.
When tired, heart-sick, weary, worn, on thy breast
I leaned; and thy dear counsel trusting gave me rest.

Lay thy bearded cheek to mine. Let thy lip
Kiss my brow, while I the cup o' sorrow sip.
In thoughts my fond affections cling to thee,
Like the tendril of the vine unto the tree.

How can its closely clasping branch be undone,
To take the tree, and leave the vine all alone?
I have no strength within myself, husband dear,
And without thee, weeping I have none to cheer.

O, thou art stronger, Dearest,
Than thou dost even know.
Without support the vines
Stronger, hardier, grow.

But where is all thy faith, Love?
Look, Darling, to the skies.
Remember that God loves us,
And whom He loves He tries.

Thou would'st not have thy country
By trait'rous hands undone.
Then bid me haste to battle—
The cry of "War!" 's begun.

The land is filled with women
Whose hearts are bleeding, torn,
Sending their loves to battle
To have the flag upborne.

Fond wives, beloved husbands,
Proud mothers, noble sons,
And many gentle maidens
Part with their chosen ones.

Then bid me haste to battle,
I cannot stay with thee.
While the war-cry is, "The Union!"
Its supporter I must be.

TO MY SON

YOU go to the battle, my son,
Win for yourself a bright wreath
Of bravery and deeds well done.
Be to thy country a chief.

Let God and the stripes be thy shrine
Advancing to meet the foe.
Though my heart-strings are braided with thine
I'll loose them, and let thee go.

My life has seemed centered in thine.
My heart now bleeds at the thought;
But I'll give thee and all that is mine
To the freedom my fathers bought.

WILLIE'S GONE

AT daybreak in the morning
When the stars were going out,
Ere the sun had kissed the dewdrops
From the flowers round about,
Ere the birds had left their nestlings,
And all nature slumbered still,—
The very streamlet wandered on
Without its rippling rill,—

When our Willie left the cottage,
Bade childhood's scenes goodbye,
With his knapsack on his back,
A prayer to God on high,
With a heartful of sweet promptings
And tenderness to those,
Who lingered round his footsteps,
And soothed his childish woes.

THE WAR

ONE year ago and not much more
The rebels raised a shout,
That they would whip our northern men,
And crush the Union out;

That Lincoln ne'er should take his seat;
They'd capture Washington.—
'Twas unprotected, then they could
If they had dared to come.

They thought that we'd divided be.—
They made a sad mistake.
The Union proved a chain too strong
For rebel force to break.

'Tis true, some links were very weak,
They quickly out were knocked;
And soon the chain was firm and strong,
The links all strongly locked.

They bray of their valor, their camps and their men,
Go clucking around like a setting hen.
When brought up to battle that southern clan
Quick turn on their heels, and run to a man.

THE TIMES

Written on the reluctance of men to comply with a draft of soldiers.

THIS great nation is blowing her bellows,
Playing the mischief among some strange fellows.
At every puff it blows out the chaff;
To see them flying is as good as a laugh.
Some of them, sure, would weigh heavy enough,
But alas! they are nothing—no more than a puff.
To some it doth give a cold in the nose,
While others are catching the gout in their toes.
The divers diseases that men ever had
These fellows are getting,—’tis really too bad!
O, run away, cowards, run if you can!
If you fear to stand and fight as a man.
Better run now than flee in the fight—
Yes, run, run away in the broad daylight.
Such men, while they are, should not wait but go,
Their very own shadows would bring us but woe.
You needn’t sneak out in the darkness of night,
Indeed, we’d not let you, if e’er you would fight.
Please, paper, don’t publish these ugly things so;
Let not this strange story to foreign lands go.
I’m ashamed! I’m ashamed of these things called men!
When shall it be stopped? Please do tell us when!

WE'LL FINISH THE WORK

LET the South keep her cotton fast now in the gin,
Keep it all to herself. We can sow, reap and spin,
What our grandmothers did in days that are past
We can do, and will, and we'll fight to the last!

Take the little, white flax-seed, shining and fair;
Go forth to the fields, and make thine arms bare;
Grasp the hand of the plow, and brake the brown earth,—
The time is for work and not for vain mirth.

Go forth to the battle, ye brave men and true!
Go forth with God's blessing. Our trust is in you.
And quell the mad demon that raves in the south
Till "Union forever!" shall spring from each mouth.

Go forth to the work-field, ye tillers of earth,
For flung o'er our fields ne'er was such a dearth.
Sow the blue flax again of our grandfathers' days;
Learn wisdom and prudence of their sturdy ways.

Ye girls of the north, who in idleness sit,
Go trailing your skirts in the filth of the street,
Wake from your lethargy, and spring to the work;
Let visions and fancy in no manner lurk.

There's work for the fathers, there's work for the sons;
There's work for the mothers. Each reads as he
runs.

There's work to do—battle as well as to till—
There's work for us all, and we must have the will.

When the south let her folly first flash from her gun,
With the speed of the lightning o'er the north did it
run,
And men sprang thick as forest trees, as mighty in
strength,
Determined to battle—ah, yes! and at length—

To conquer—for speedily conquer we must.
Till then in Jehovah we firmly must trust.
And when our stripes float o'er each valley and glen,
We shall stay the dread conflict, which shall ne'er
come again.

TO "CROAKERS"

BE silent! ye Croakers, the battle's begun.
McClellan's Coast army is fast moving on;
Like a giant it strides in pow'r and pride;
In majesty out in the storm doth he ride.

He breathes but a word, and thunders deep roar!
He raises his eye-lids and the lightnings pour.
With its long-pent fury is thinning the rank,
And felling the traitors in front and in flank.

Then silence, ye Croakers; the battle's begun.
He but raises his foot—a battle is won!
And forward and onward will e'er be his tramp
And Secession he under his strong foot will stamp.

Till out of this land forever 'tis crushed
And the cry of rebels eternally hushed.
Ye black-hearted traitors, your own doom ye read!
But breathe not a murmur: ye sowed the foul seed!

M'CLELLAN

M'CLELLAN, a traitor? Who dares say the thing?
'Tis but a vile slander, political fling;
'Tis the foul thought of wicked, designing men,
Who to uphold their party resort to them.
No act's too base, or too mean, or too low
For politicians before them to bow.
Party—curse of the nation, its sin and its pain.
It will yet prove our country's direst shame,
If we do not rally in our strength and might,
And make but two parties. God speed the right.
McClellan! McClellan! Oh, if thou art true,
List not these dark murmurs, 'twill pierce thy heart
through.
Look up, thou wilt need it, for strength from above,—
A heaven-fraught boon to thy country prove.
On thee this proud nation hath placed her bright trust.
O, keep it unsullied from mildew and rust!
God save thee; God guide thee, and make thee His tool
To put down the work of the traitors and fools.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, since the war began,
Has perched upon the fence,
Just ready either side to jump
She'd find full recompense.

Just now she seems to shake her fist,
But not one blink we give.
In spite of South and England too
The Union still shall live.

England may bully, rant and rare,
We care not for her bluster.
So wrapped up in her selfishness
The Nation ne'er dare trust her.

Then go to the war, boys, go to the war,
Yes, go to the war will we;
Go to the war with any land
That strikes at liberty.

We'd rather be within our homes,
Our loved ones at our sides,
Than resting on the tented fields
Our bayonets for our brides,

Our little children clambering
Upon their fathers' knees,
Than digging trench and battlement
Beneath the southern trees.

With peace at home and peace abroad
Our hearts would happy be,
Singing songs about the hearth
Beneath our own roof-tree.

But though our hearts are linked withal,
The home links firm and free,
Yet, England and ye rebel states,
We will not bow to thee.

Then go to the war, boys, go to the war,
Yes, go to the war will we,
Till both cry out Jeff's words:
"Pray, let us alone—will ye?"

OUR OLD FLAG.

(Written when southern soldiers buried the Stars and Stripes.)

THEY buried our old flag mockingly,
But the germ was in it still.
It's springing now on every fort
On mountain, turret, hill.

They buried our old flag mockingly,
But the life was in it still.
It floats now where waved rebel flags,
And it ever, ever will.

They buried our old flag tauntingly,
But the taunts soon found a grave,
While the old broad stripes in triumph rose
The Union strong to save.

They buried our old flag down south,
And raised a rebel one.
It brought them neither power nor joy,—
Desolation with it came.

THE MERRIMAC

THE Merrimac, we'll not deny,
We've always been afraid of,
For, you know, she's iron bound,
And mischief she is made of.

We'll not deny we've watched her close.
She's a foe to be afraid of,
And very like we soon shall know
If good metal she is made of.

She boasts a coat both strong and true,
She looks so, as she steams up,
But Ericsson, before she thinks,
May neatly rip her seams up.

The first day's wear, she showed weak spots.
The Monitor poked her nose through.
She's patched the rents, and out again
With a sharp, steel, pointed bow, too.

A bow like a two-edged sword
To cut our ships asunder,
But if they do I think they'll hear
Some startling claps of thunder.

WAR SONG

GREAT and small, one and all,
Listen unto me.
I'll sing a song the whole day long—
A song of victory.

Jeff in wisdom thought he'd planned
This great nation's fall.
Now listen, listen unto me,
Listen one and all.

You see we're just as upright as
When he made the boast
That he would sit in Washington.
And now we'll drink a toast:

Here's hoping, Jeff, that you may see
You never knowed enough
To lick the North, to hurt her much,—
Her hide is hard and tough;

Her head's too full of wisdom;
Her arms are far too long;
She sets her feet too firmly down;
Her sinews are too strong.

Old Jeff, look out, you'll hurt yourself.
You're on a rotten stump.
If you don't get directly down,
Your head will get a bump.

You know a man will often try
To knock another down.
His feet slip up, and he but gets
Himself the broken crown.

Then hearken, people, unto me,
Hearken to my song.
Men will mistake their calling,
And Jeff is surely wrong.

We'll drink a toast, poor Jeff, to thee,
Hoping that you will see
The North doth not mistake her strength.
She's sure of victory.

THE NATION'S PRAYER

O LORD, look down upon our land,
She weepeth tears of blood.
Thou chastened her in anger, Lord,
To humble her for good.

Thou weighed her in the balance,
And wanting she was found.
Thou smiteth till she bendeth
Low unto the ground.

Thou'st thrown her in the lion's den
Like Daniel good of old.
Thou hath tried her in the fire
To purify the gold.

She hath given up her idols
And household gods to Thee;
She hath brought from out her coffers
Her treasures unto Thee.

The wood is piled, the torch applied;
Upon the altar's lain
The freedom that our fathers bought
With fields of battle-slain.

We are humbled to the dust, Lord,
And weeping tears of blood.
We are grieving for our children
Who're lain on fire and wood.

We are waiting for thy blessing,
And humbly kneel to you.
O, Lord, forgive the traitors
"They know not what they do."

VERSES

Written on eggs sent to a soldier during Civil War.

1

I 'M coming! I'm coming! hope to give you joy,
Fast as I can hurry to a soldier-boy.
We know that you are hungry and weary with the fight,
But keep up a brave heart. God will speed the right.

2

You a roving soldier for three years now have been,
But we're praying round the home-hearth that you may
come again.

3

Crack, and peel this shell so white,
Stick in your teeth, and take a bite.

4

Henny laid this egg with a cackle and a cluck
To go to a soldier with some other truck.
May God speed the motion that bears it to you,
And hasten the day when the war shall be through.

ARE OUR FLAGS AT PAR?

A question asked of a Sunday-school near the close of the Rebellion.

YOU asked us the question: if flags were at par.
We answer, our brother, "We think that they are.

And though but one hand was flung out that day
To encourage the school-boys, and teach them the way,
We pray thee excuse them, we've not many men
Who flung out their colors, and stood by them when
They had to be guarded by millions of men."

What a question to ask—if our proud, waving banner
Was worth its own value now heaven's winds fan her
Till its stripes and its stars round the states in one
Union

Bind each to the other in closer communion!
When the cannons came booming o'er the waters at
Sumter,
It thrilled every heart; was a real Yankee stumper;
It sifted the gold from the brass and the copper,
And proved in the end a secession-stopper.

But now we're a Union, 'tis all very proper.
You can hardly tell now which was gold and which
copper.

Just then if we wanted a prayer for one nation,
It brought but the sneers of the Coppers for rations;

But now the thing's past,—may it always be so,
May we never again have to conquer a foe.

We have builded an altar, the sacrifice lain.
'Tis accepted of God, pronounced free from stain.
And many's the boys found on our streets,
Some without hands and some without feet,
Who have helped to build this sacrifice till
It answered God's purpose and wisdom and will.
And I hope now, my boys, though none held their hands
You love the good flag of your own native land;
If traitors e'er dare to again pull it down,
You will make them all fly, as now they have flown.

COMING HOME OF THE SIXTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY

OUR boys are marching home again,
Marching home, marching home.
We hear the beat of their battle-feet
As they come, as they come.
No more for them the "wearied march,"
No more "camp-fires" to keep;
But a place by the hearth where their dear ones sit
Waiting their loved to greet.
Its last battle hath been fought—
The victory is won!
Then hasten on—hasten on,
Welcome our brave boys home!

Our boys are marching home again—
Marching home, marching home.
We hear the tramp of the wearied feet
As they come, as they come.
But our hearts will ache with the thinking
How many marched away
Are resting now in their glory-beds—
Their dear ones, where are they?
Hiding in some shaded spot,
Praying for strength to bear
The sacrifice God asked of them,

Trying their cross to wear.
Our boys are marching home again,
Marching home, marching again.
We hear the tramp of their home-bound feet
Coming home, coming home.
And our hearts beat high with the thinking
That we have darlings there;
God saved them for us in the battle,
But took those just as fair.
And though our hearts are joyous now
We'll find our sisters, where
They are kneeling in the shadows,—
Pray and weep with them there.

Our boys are marching home again,
Marching home, marching home.
We hear the beat of their gladsome feet
As they come, as they come.
They have borne the brunt of army life;
Stood in the ranks of the brave;
Languished in sickness, and carnage, and strife,—
Borne all their country to save.
Proud are, you fathers, of such sons;
Thankful, you mothers, be
They chose the part that God could bless,
And granted it victory.

OUR VOLUNTEERS

ALL honour give to Volunteers,
Who nobly, bravely start,
When Sumter's guns came booming forth,
And touched the nation's heart.
All honour give to every one,
And wish them Heaven's cheer.
Honour is due for they were true—
Our noble Volunteers.

Our Volunteers, brave Volunteers,
All honoured you shall be.
To save the Union, Stars and Stripes
We look to God and thee.
All honour though you never stood
In battle's stern array.
And honoured those by sickness touched
Fell drooping by the way,
And filling up our hospitals
With men to some one dear.
All those who see can but pity,
And drop a silent tear.

Brave Volunteers left happy homes
To crush rebellion out,
And that you soon will do this thing
You never need to doubt.
Crush rebellion,—what sickening thoughts
To the mind doth come.
When we it hear so very near
'Tis echoed in our homes.

Yes, honour give to Volunteers.
While we sit idly here
They're suffering and pining for
To look on faces dear,—
Some tossing on their little cots,
Their bodies racked with pain,
Yearning to be 'neath the roof-tree—
Yes, be at home again.

All honour give to Volunteers
From the Commander-chief
Down to the little drummer-boy,
Who was the brightest leaf
That grew upon the mother-stem
So fair and fresh and bright
She could but pause ere country cause
Took from her heart its light.

But she looked to God, and trusted
Him to be the shield
Of her little drummer-boy
Upon the battle-field,
Where officers and privates march
To rat, tat, tat of drum
So many back to loved ones
Nevermore to come.

Then honour give to Volunteers,
Who nobly forth did stand
To crush this mad rebellion out,
And quell the trait'rous band,
Who sowed this mischief in the land
So many hearts hath pained.
May we gain a victory
Then victory proclaimed.

I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER well this morning
Seven years ago today
How my heart ached with the thinking
Of the trials on my way.

Blue the sky was up above me,
Warm and soft the bright sun's ray,
But my heart was loath to feel it,
For the trials on my way.

I remember how the dewdrops
Nestled in the morning-flower,
Remember all the holy memories
Clustered in that sacred hour.

I remember well the parting
Of the household 'neath the vine
Clust'ring o'er the humble porchway
Where we sat at evening time.

How we there unwound the heart-strings
Bound about our soldier-child,
How we tried to hide the heartache,
Though it throbbed with anguish wild.

For we would not grieve our man-boy
With the shadow of our grief;
But just let the angels write it
Down upon a pure, white leaf.

A TOAST

HERE'S a toast for our country:
Long may she live.
And one for our banner:
Long may we give
Our heart's proudest homage
All loyal and true
To its broad stripes and stars
Of red, white and blue.

MUSIC

THE dream of the poet is music to me,
The roar of the waves on the restless, blue sea,
The splash of the oars as they rise, as they fall,
The gossamer clouds o'ershadowing all,
The song of the birds in the evergreen trees,
The hymn of the forest, the hum of the bees,
The roll of the thunder and flash of the light,
Making strange pathways all zig-zag and bright,
The roaring of rain and wailing of wind,—
With a bold, grand harmony filleth the mind.

LABOUR

TO labour is manly, 'tis noble and right.
To be ashamed of it is as the blight
That comes o'er the rye-field, and withers the grain;
It only brings sorrow, trouble and pain.
Whatever before you, you e'er find to do,
Do it with proud hearts and willing ones too.
To labour's not humbling, degrading, nor mean,
'Tis the passport to honour, the birthright of man.

WHAT IS LIFE?

AN infant's wail, creating love and tenderness;
Merging into child-life, making joy and happiness;
After comes the battle, bringing crowns and crosses,
Heavy to the spirit, counting gains but losses;
By and by the ending,—if we've borne it well,
Of riches vast in glory, what can mortals tell?

LIFE

CLOUDS and sunshine, showers and rain,
Trust and hope, despair and pain,
Fill life's measures as we go,
Sometimes joy and sometimes woe.
Smiles and tears, sobs and sighs
Bridge life's waters, as they rise,
While the heaving, rolling flood
Bears us onward to our God.
Sunshine through the clouds will break,
Christ will all our sorrows take,
If in patience we but wait
E'en like Laz'rus at the gate.

WHAT WILL YOUR LIFE BE

YOUR life will be just what you make it.
To all of us crosses will come,
But of this you may be sure:
Each one will read as he runs.

A little more grace, dear, to bear them;
A little more pluck to get through;
Give every day thanks to your Maker,
And paddle your own canoe.

LIFE'S CARES

SO many lives are crowded with
The work they would not do,
Which we dare not cast aside,
If we are good and true.

How many hands are filled so full,
They cannot stop to gather
Flowers scattered on their way
Though they fain would rather!

How many hearts are aching 'neath
Their burdens hard to bear!
How many songs are buried in
The dust of toil and care!

How many thoughts unspoken
In hearts filled to the brim,
Not only with life's crosses,
But love, and song, and hymn!

We're weary and tempest-tossed;
We're weak and burdened down;
We're clinging to the cross for strength;
We're waiting for the crown.

LIFE'S WEB.

ONE end of the web is in Heaven,
The weaving is full well done.
In my room I work on the other—
A stocking, but just begun.

One end of the web is in Heaven,
Angel wings brush it from dust.
If all is perfected in Heaven,
Work steady and well I must.

The figure in Heaven's an Angel,
With snowy-white wings outspread;
The face, how it once made my heart ache,
When I looked on my darling dead.

One end of the piece is in Heaven,
But that will vex me no more;
The pattern that's yet to be woven,
Hath all the trouble in store.

The fibers, that make up the fabric,
Are both so tender and fine,
If Christ doth not come down to help me,
This work will be spoiled of mine.

From the hearts of my children I spin them,
Oh, with what exquisite care!
I must handle the threads of such lustre,
And spoil not their beauty rare.

While weaving these bright threads of beauty,
Coarser work hath to be done;
But, if I do well my duty, I
May weave in the words, "Well done."

Little things make up our life's work;
Little by little we gain; and
The nearer we get to glory,
The further we are from pain.

While smoothing the heads of our children,
We strike in a golden thread,
Or, wrapping them up in their night-clothes,
Tucking them snugly in bed.

When we kiss the little, hurt finger,
Pitying the sorrowing boy,
A silver thread slips through our fingers,
Weaving a column of joy.

Dark shades we shall weave with the brighter.
We surely will have them to spin;
They will lighten the shadows, make brighter
The figures woven therein.

TO YOUNG MEN

YOU may invent a good machine,
Complete in all its parts.
What avails: it never starts.
If you ne'er apply the power,

And the beauty of its structure
Will all crumble to the dust.
Wrap your talents in a napkin,
And there surely they will rust.

You exclaim in youthful fervor,
"I will climb up yonder hill!"
But if you sit still at its foot,
Start not,—there you will be still.

You may buckle on your armour,
And advance far in the fight;
But if you do not lift your arm,
Soon the dust you'll bite.

You may mount your charger backward,
Strive as you advance to see.
Dismount, and mount aright, young man,
And you will the wiser be.

You may write a learned epistle,
Keep the thing fast under lock.
The world will ne'er be the wiser,—
'Twill be like merchant's old stock.

But buckle armour, mount your steed
With resolute, stern will,
Fix your eye upon the mark you've set
And you will take the hill.

MIND YOUR OWN AFFAIRS

JUST mind your own affairs,
For it surely is true
If you do them up right,
You'll have plenty to do.

In the yard of your friends
Better work not so hard.
Duty lies at home first
Sweep well then your own yard.

The beam in your own eye
You must try hard to cast.
Then the mote in your friend's
You will not see so fast.

Better mind your own work.
You will never get praise,
For meddling with neighbor's
Always mischief doth raise.

Slander's a loathsome, uncouth thing,
Foul is the tongue will use its sting.

MONEY

MONEY is the thing, boys;
Money is the thing.
To carry out the point you wish;
Make the dollars ring.

It makes no odds how bad you are,
If you're only rich.
Though the way is broad and deep,
You can jump the ditch.

Though your heart's as black as night
Your sins of scarlet dye;
Just shake your gold together,
And hold your head up high.

If you have a case in lawsuit,
God pity if you're poor.
Gold carries all before it,
Shuts tight mercy's door.

It will serve you well in this world,
Carry you proudly through;
But when you come to death's river,
What will you, will you do?

It will sink you in its waters;
You will struggle to get free;
In this world it was your idol,—
The next, your misery.

THE WORLD'S WAYS

NO matter how many faults you have,
A dollar or two will hide them.
No matter how disgusting they are,
Nobody's willing to chide them.

No matter how fair and honest the man
Wanting those bright, round dollars,
No matter how hard his heart doth ache
No friend after him follows.

No matter how steep and rugged the path
Of the humble, poor, and lowly,
No friendly hand is stretched to aid,
Though he struggle on but slowly.

No matter how lonely the life may be,
If bearing no golden cover,
No matter how bright its pages might be
No friend around it doth hover.

SCENES OF LIFE

HOW swift the scenes of life oft change, how
strangely move along!

First comes a dear, familiar face, a happy, household
song,

Then tossed about by wind and wave, a wanderer in
strange climes.

First bright, happy homes and careless days: then sad
and dreary times.

Now standing before the altar and clinging to your side
Is a timid, gentle maiden—your loved one—your bride.
Then comes the bier and sable pall. Strangers, thy foot-
steps stay;

Look on the dead one's face.—See, 'tis the bride of yes-
terday.

Behold that lonely, prattling babe. How strangely bright
is he,

Whipping his horse to gallop hard upon his mother's
knee!

The morrow's sun shines on her grave. The child,—
Oh, where is he?

With stranger hands, in stranger hearts his welfare's
now to be.

Look on that laughter-loving girl. With hope her heart
beats high.

Seems false that she could fail so soon, to-morrow she
will die.

Ah! when the scene is passing fair, Death drops the curtain-pall,
And hides the picture from our sight,—our loved ones,
our all.

A noble ship is moving out; her cable she has slipped
Just as the morning rosy beams, the mountain-tops sun-
tipped.
She swiftly cuts the sparkling waves; she fears not Na-
ture's frown,
But ere the sun could rise again that noble ship went
down.

Yes, far out on the briny deep, where none the ship could
save,
She struck a rock, and all on board found soon an ocean-
grave,
The morning saw the partings sad, the last good-byes
were given.
Ah! little recked they then it was the last this side of
heaven.

O, BE NOT DISCOURAGED!

O BE not discouraged, whate'er may betide,
Though riches take wings and far from thee hide,
Though friends that were dear flee forth from thy side—
Go floating far from thee away on the tide.
The sun shines as bright in the heavens above,
There are hearts that will bless thee, and give love for
love.

Then be not discouraged, for this world is wide,
And on it are bright spots, though ill may betide.

O, be not discouraged, though fond hearts have died,
Fair flowers as sweet may spring at thy side.
The soft moss-green grows on the scarred, old tree,
And hopes that seemed blighted may yet bloom for thee.
Though thy heart may be sad and broken in twain,
An angel may gather the fragments again.
Then be not discouraged, whatever betide;
Encourage thine heart; look on the bright side.

O, be not discouraged, whate'er be thy doom
Remember in heaven for all there is room;
That bright crowns await thee at Christ's mercy-seat,
But all who would wear them must bow at His feet.
The angels are listening thine answer to hear,
And up to yon heaven the glad tidings bear.
Then be not discouraged, though thy heart be tried.
Remember, remember: "The Lord will provide."

CONTENT

I AM very well content that so this thing should be ;
That 'tis I who make my house, not my house makes
me ;

That 'tis only of my chairs, and my tables, people think
When measuring my worth, so low I have to sink
That my mind should be so meagre, it would not weigh
enough

To carry down the balance with such paltry stuff.

A thoughtful mind's a treasure, for then within oneself,
You have a world of pleasure, stored on memory's shelf.
You'll be heeding not the babbling, and the envious as
they come,

But list'ning to the music within that inner home.
You'll be gazing on bright visions, as through your mind
they roam,
Peopling it with angels, from out their Heavenly home.

UNREST

'TIS enclosed within the leaf-bud
When in spring with fetters lost
It first puts forth its tiny leaves
Till it falls with winter's frost.

It whistles in the hurricane,
As it tears up forest trees.
It whispers in the summer breeze,
As it gently stirs the leaves.

Ever painted on the rainbow
In soft colors bright and fair.
You look away, then look again,
And, lo!—the bow's not there.

Always glistening in the dew drop,
As it forms upon the flower.
When Aurora sends her shafts
Scarcely lives for one short hour.

'Tis pictured on the flying cloud
As it swiftly moves along.
Sometimes it's heavy, dark and drear,
Then bright as a seraph's song.

'Tis pencilled on the flower
As it opens buds so bright.
We scarce have time to view them
Ere they fade away from sight.

ONE BY ONE

ONE by one the strings are broken,
Never bound again.
One by one the words are spoken
Rending hearts in twain.
One by one they fall unheedful
Of the wounds they make
When the heart can bear no longer
Silent, still it breaks.
One by one the links were making,
Joining link with link.
One by one two hearts were breaking
In mis'ry's depths to sink.

JUDGING BY THE FRUITS

FLOWERS of many petals
Have not the sweetest smell.
'Tis only by their bright tints
They of their beauty tell.

Birds of brightest plumage
Oft never sing a song,
While many little, brown birds
Sing for us all day long.

Only of the heart we judge
When once its fruits we see,
For rough and rude the casket
Enclosing it may be.

NO ONE TO ASK A BLESSING

NO one to ask a blessing now our father's gone away
To sup with Christ in heaven, forever with Him
stay.

When we drew round the table that silvered head was
bowed;

His voice was raised in prayer for himself and those he
loved.

No one to ask a blessing, yet his sons are more than one.
Will none stand forth, and strive to fill the place that's
left so lone?

His chair stands in the corner now sacred to his name.
The voice that once did cheer us sings now a sweeter
strain.

Oh, our hearts are sad without him at morn, at noon and
night!

But we miss him most at meal time, no one to ask for
light

That would shine out o'er our pathway, and guide our
erring feet,

Keep us near our Saviour that our father we might meet.

There's no one to ask a blessing. How long shall this
be so?

Let not prayer in this house be the song of long ago.

Take up the strain your father sung,—he chants it now
above,

And angels echo back again to God their praise and love.

THE DRUNKARD

AH! I recollect the day,
When you were blithe and young;
When you wed your winsome Mary,
Life then was but a song.

How you promised well to love her,
And shield her from all harm;
How she loved you, and she trusted,
How calm the days flowed on.

How the years came flittering after,
Were full of joy and mirth;
You had full and plenty—children
Clustered round your hearth.

But a change comes o'er the picture,
For see, as you draw near,
The children so sad and ragged
Are crouching down with fear.

For the arm that once did fondle,
The voice that once did bless,
Is now cursing, raised in anger;
Fled is their happiness.

And that loving, gentle, mother,
Oh, children, where is she?
Lying at rest in the churchyard,
Beneath a willow tree.

Her heart grew sad and lonely,
She faded day by day.
When her heart's love burned to ashes,
The spirit fled away.

PRAYER FOR THE INEBRIATE

GOD be with the boy, Father,
Save him at the last.
Our hearts are growing weary,
Faith we're losing fast,
For the angels warned him
Long, long time ago
That the way he travelled
Was a way of woe.
Let them come again, Father,
Touch the boy once more,
Make him come along, Father,
To the golden shore.
No one else can help him;
Friends have prayed in vain,
Wound their love about him,
But found it naught but pain.
Now we're waiting, Father,
Looking up to Thee,
Hoping that Thine answer
Strength for him may be
To flee the cursed wine-cup,
Where fiends are waiting him
To drive him to destruction,
Where no sweet-toned hymn
Will ever reach the list'ner
In that fiery deep,
Where angels cannot save him,
Though his loved ones weep.

The cup, boy, thou art drinking
 Holdeth misery enough,
And leadeth to a way
 That is dreary enough,
But the cup those fallen angels
 Are filling you to drink
Down in that heated furnace
 While you stand on the brink
Will fill your mind with anguish
 And with deep despair,
While fiends incarnate blaspheme
 And say, "you did not care,
When praying friends did beg you
 To let the cup alone.
You turned you from their counsel
 With an heart of stone;
And when the angels warned you
 To flee this dreadful pain,
You only tried a little while
 And then turned back again."
God be with the boy, Father,
 Touch his heart again.
Our hearts are breaking, Father,
 With this weary pain.
Let the angels come again,
 Touch his heart once more,
Make him come along, Father,
 To the golden shore.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

O H, heavenly Father, protect and keep
My darling boy from sin ;
And when Thou countest Thy flock by night,
May he be found therein !

Teach him through all the ills of life
Therewith to be content ;
That though its trials are hard to bear
By a Master's hand they're sent.

God loveth whom He chasteneth,
And there falleth not a tear,
But, lo, an angel hasteneth
Our sorrowing hearts to cheer.

And though, my boy, dark clouds may rise,
Your heart in grief to shroud,
Remember a loving Saviour smiles
But just behind the cloud.

Ah ! if you'd have life's sunshine,
You must take its shadows too ;
Hand in hand they go together,
You must them both pass through.

Take the shadows as they're sent, my boy,
The sunshine when 'tis given ;
They both alike, with peace and joy,
Will lead you on to heaven.

MY JEWELS

COME, buy of my jewels ;
Come, good people, buy.
Here's a song in whose measures
You can see, if you try,
The heart's deepest anguish,
Its tears and its sighs ;
Pure gems worth preserving.
Come, buy, my friends, buy.

Here's songs for the witty,
The mirthful and gay ;
It peals out its laughter
In such a wild way,
You can hear the sweet ripples,
Feel the light dashing spray.
Come, buy them ; come, buy them !
They'll suit you, I say.
Here's a gem, that I coined
From the pride in my heart,
'Tis set in deep sorrow,
Pierced through with a dart,
Unlovely, unseemly,
All darkness to view,
Come, take it away, friends,
I'll give it to you.

Here's a song for loved ones,
Come, hear it, I say ;
'Tis as sweet as the roses
Or the new-mown hay ;

'Tis fraught with such pathos,
Tenderness and love,
You'd think that some angel
Dropped it from above.

Come, buy up my jewels,
Then, good people, buy.
I must coin them, and sell them,
Or now hunger and die.
My heart's dearest treasures,
And most sacred thoughts,
In black and white printed,
To be sold and bought.
Must they all go to please you?
Come, buy then ; come, buy !
God says,—whom he loveth
He also doth try.

FARMER'S LIFE

SIMPLE, joyous, honest and free,—
A farmer's life is the life for me.
None of the gauzes of city life,
None of its folly or petty strife.

Plowing the ground and sowing the seed,
Keeping it mellow and free from weed
Is more than labour, if we but heed—
More than getting the bread we need.

Every furrow's a lesson to learn—
Something to teach us, wherever we turn.
The clouds and sunshine, dew and shower
Make a strong chapter of wondrous power.

Deep in the bowels of earth they are taught,
Ever before us without being sought,
Chapter on chapter, verse after verse,
Written by Nature's hand, graphic and terse.

Works by the Best Master's open to view,
There's much of beauty, if hard work to do,—
Many rare pictures and sweet-toned hymns
In God's book of Nature we find therein.

Out in God's sunlight full-decked with gold
Gems of strange beauty too rare to be sold.
Sweetest of incense from flower and tree
Hoing the corn-hills are wafted to me.
Food for the body and food for the mind
The brain has no reason to lag far behind—
With all his proud talents, the wisdom of man
Could never digest it, learn fast as he can,
The lesson's too deep, and life is too short,
Though by a wise Master the lessons be taught.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

WHAT'S in a name?
Withered hopes and bleeding hearts
Help to twine the wreath of fame;
And burning thoughts of things are lost
Stamped upon the maddened brain;
And trusting hearts of ruined hopes
Trodden 'neath the foot of man;
One ne'er would think so much of pain
Could be crowded in life's span.
For if upon the page we trace
Pictures lifelike and true,
Which cause the silent tears to fall
And thrill the being through,
Ah! if we place upon the fount
A cup that makes us thirst,
Thirst again to drink of it,
The heart must suffer first.

What's in a name?
New-made graves and whitened bones,
Found where fell the battle-slain;
Desolate hearts, broken homes,
Help to build up Glory's name;
Widowed hearts, fatherless child
Chant a strain both strange and wild.
It comes from hearts with broken strings,—
Listen, listen, while they sing.
First comes a deep, wild wail of woe,
Piercing the list'ner through and through,

While round and round the earth the strain
Is echoed, echoed back again,
Till some good angel caught the air
That came from these hearts of prayer,
And carried it to God's white throne,
Where rest the prayers of stricken ones.

What's in a name?
If up every step we climb,
There is so much of pain;
If from hearts that must be crushed,
The blood comes oozing through,
And leaves the color only
That must picture others woe;
If up every step we climb
A faded garland's hung,
If Glory's name be ever reached
By broken heart-strings sung;
If to win a deathless fame
The stepping-stones be hearts
And ev'ry one we mount upon
Is pierced as with a dart,
Help us, Lord to humble be
Where the good angels wait
Bearing each heart-drawn sigh
Away through heaven's gate.

THE ORPHAN-GIRL'S CRY

TO the spirit-land, mother, Oh, why did you go!
And leave your lone child in this world of woe!
To bear its hard trials and all alone meet
The darkness and shadows that fall round my feet.
O, come to me, mother; thy fond vigils keep!
Come, rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

My heart is so weary, so weary of life!
Come, smoothe my hair, mother,—'twill soothe the vain
 strife

Surging my bosom, like a wild, rushing stream.
Come, fold thine arms round me; again let me dream
Of the days that I slept on thy bosom true.
I'm heart-sick for you, mother, so heart-sick for you.

I'm weary of struggling and toiling for bread.
Come, mother, dear mother, and bend down thine head,
Till thy locks fall round me, and sweep o'er my form.
It softly will soothe me, and make my heart warm.
It needs to be rested with sweet sleep and deep.
Come, soothe me to sleep, mother, soothe me to sleep.

Lay thy warm cheek on mine. Its gentle caress
Will still the wild heart-throb and silently bless.
I feel thy dear hands, soft touching my brow,
Thy fast falling tear drops,—thou art weeping now
For the child that's hard-pressed by the battles of life
Now heart-sick, and weary, and faint with the strife.

MOTHER-LOVE

SWEET mother-love, dear mother-love,
Ah, how I pity those
Who never knew a mother's love
Clinging round them close!

Never wearied, never tired,
E'en while the root is dead,
Sending forth a savour sweet
When strength and beauty's fled.

When the senses ache with sadness,
And the soul is sick with pain,
How soothing then is mother-love
When next the heart 'tis lain!

And when 'tis crushed and bleeding,
And withered every hope,
Sweet mother-love's a balsam
Will heal the deep wounds up.

Give me mother-love, mother-love,
A mother's love give me—
The poorest bud that e'er was formed
Or blossomed on love's tree.

PRIDE SURRENDERED

WE only reap that which we sow.
We cannot live on pride, you know.
It only drags us farther down—
Down to where the tares are sown.

We often feel there is a place
We might fill with ready grace.
Far above our mortal reach
Read the lesson that I teach:

Walking in the vale below,
Doing the best that we can do,
Laying pride beneath our feet,
Every obstacle we meet

Striking here and slaying there,
Every breath a secret prayer
Until the end shall come
And the race be fully run.

Every tempter that is slain,
Laid aside—a point we gain.
It may seem trifling unto you,
But the work was given to do.

Done well for Christ, 'tis all we need—
There'll be no tares among the seed,
And buds of faith that blossom there
Will twine around your secret prayer.

We need not grope among the weeds,
But search the place where the good seeds
Were sown,—every little flower-cup
Incense ever wafting up.

And like the bird upon the wing
Bearing our sorrows to the King,
For He lays them all aside.
The gates ajar are opened wide,

And even now while ent'ring in
Heaven's portals, rayed within
Our treasures there we'll find again,
White robes washed from ev'ry stain,

Crowns of gold and palms of peace,
At last from sin a full release,
With voices tuneful and spirits glad
No more toil to make us sad,
The last tear shed and wiped away,
No more nights, but endless day.

SELFISHNESS

DOTH not selfishness reign supreme
In every man's heart? ·
Whatever may be its virtue,
Selfishness bears a part.

Sometimes it wears a long, full cloak,
Seems made of charity,
But selfishness peeps from under,
Though ample its folds may be.

Sometimes scattering the dollars
About him like the rain,
If bringing not their value
Causeth him much pain.

A giant it grows its long legs
Stalking about for food,
Gathering up in its thin arms
What seemeth to him good.

Beauty and worth it takes not up,
But to cast the gems away,
Gathering in his hard, tight grasp
But what he thinks will pay.

“CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS”

Ecclesiastes 11:1.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Though its waves be tempest-tossed.
If thou doest it with prayer
It never will be lost.

If in thy hand thou hold'st a crumb,
Fling it out upon the waves.
Some one it will surely nourish,
Some sad heart from sorrow save.

'Tis not the richness of the gift
That most doth bless the giver;
But the spirit in which 'tis made
Blesses giver and receiver.

In faith and hope then cast it out;
Sow it broadcast o'er the sea.
'Twill buoy it up, and back again
It will surely come to thee.

CHILDREN AT PLAY

A WINTER'S day is the day for me,
When the children are full of glee,
Shouting aloud with life and fun
Over the hills away they run,
Pelting each other with balls of snow.
Then tired of that away they go,
Some getting their sleds to down-hill ride
While some can only catch a slide.
What a pity 'tis they should ever know
The griefs and ills of earth below!
But happy childhood knows not this,
So let them run, enjoy the bliss,
Catch all they can of happiness.
For children's loving, trusting hearts
Gather the sweets, and leave the smarts.
And if of children we would take
A useful lesson, we might make
A happier world and better too.
For e'er its pathos we might pass through
Plucking the blossoms as well as the thorns,
Fitting ourselves for an heavenly home.

THE ANGELS NEVER SLEEP

For a fortune-forsaken friend.

SOMEWHERE the grain is growing, will give you
bread to eat;
And you will strive to win it—the earning it is sweet.
The thread may now be spinning to weave the shroud
you'll wear,
When locked in God's gem-casket His angels will you
bear
O'er the waving meadows, fields and flowerets fair.

Somewhere warm hearts are beating, though trusts have
been betrayed
And o'er a yawning heart-grave a corner-stone is laid.
Somewhere's a hidden blessing, the angels have in keep,
Though now your spirit's broken, and you can only weep.
Trust in heaven, darling; the angels never sleep.

Somewhere in this wide world your heart will find its
rest.
Looking back in after years you'll see then why 'twas
best;
That while your heart was aching from whence came
quick the light
That warmed you in its sunshine, and dried the tears of
night.
Somewhere wait God's angels to make your life-way
bright.

Then lightly cast the trifles beneath your proud, stern
will,
And bid your throbbing pulses and quivering heart lie
still,
For lurking 'neath the shadows the blessings bright now
peep,
Though now you may not see them and you can only
weep.
So trust in heaven, darling; the angels never sleep.

But floating ever, ever about our stations here
They leave us never, never from cradle to the bier.
They guide our falt'ring footsteps with waving wings
of snow
And beckon us to glory as down the stream we row.
Then trust in heaven, darling. Let not your proud heart
weep.
Remember what I tell you,—The angels never sleep.

“What is man that thou art mindful of him
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?”

—The Psalms.

Mad-roaring ocean, tell me, what do you think
When the wrecked bark 'neath thy angry waves sinks;
Dost thou pity the hearts that there find a grave?
Dost thou have the skill the wrecked ones to save?
No, roaring ocean, though thy waves run so high
They seem to our kin to reach to the sky,
With all thy grand beauties we feel you ne'er can
Know that God made you for His creature—man.

Beautiful landscape, say, dost thou know
Aught of the joy that thrills my heart through,
Enthralling the senses, transporting the soul
Over the clouds to an heavenly goal?
Ah, no! lovely picture, thy beauties are rare,
But thou hast no mind to know what they are.
Thou wast made by the Being that ruleth above,
Made for His children in kindness and love.

God fashions the bud, the leaf and the flower,
Gives it the sunshine, the dew, and the shower.
We breathe the fragrance perfuming the air,
But they never know how lovely they are.
Bright, gliding river, dashing thy spray
O'er the white beach this sunshiny day,
Tossing thy silver cap high in the air,
Say, do you know how lovely you are?

Proud, rushing river, cease thy swift tide,
Let thy white barks now lazily ride

Over thy bosom ; tell then, if you can,
The day that God made you for His creature : man.
The moon rides her orbit and gives us her light,
And makes our hearts happy, although it is night.
She knows not the beauty of her silver face.
Not one word of Glory hath she skill to trace.

The stars twinkle brightly all over the sky—
Lanterns of glory the saints hang on high
To lighten the souls that go in the night
From earth and its burdens to mansions of light.
But brilliant, bright, tiny and twinkling, wee star,
You cannot know how lovely you are ;
That God hung you up all o'er heaven's span.
But get into heaven, bright stars, if you can.

Man stands at its threshold, goes in at the door,
Rests from his labours his trials all o'er,
While the moon and the stars shall be turned into blood
Though God viewed His works, and said they were good.
All nature shall perish, but man will live on,
Receive in God's mansions a heavenly crown.
Glorious work of a Master's hand,
Sublime in conception, in creation grand.

THE MODEL WOMAN

THE mothers of men, the people choose
To make our laws, and rule the nation,
Who set a standard for themselves
Not over-ruled by fashion,
Who hopes, and loves and trusts,
Will watch and wait for blessings,
Will never let foul slander come
Within her heart's caressings,
Who walks her house with modest grace
With smiles e'er beaming on her face,
Who never lets her heart-strings rust,
Whom dear ones honour, love and trust,
She whom the good man loves the best
Where his heart finds sweet peace and rest,
Though weak and timid, still brave and strong,
Works for her dear ones all day long.
While her heart is light the hearth is bright—
Love is the burden of her song.
Who when the dews begin to fall
Gathers her loved ones, one and all,
And lays them at the mercy-seat
Sinking to slumbers soft and sweet.

MODEL WOMAN

1865

B READTH of skirt and length of trail,
Slender waist, complexion pale,
The beautiful bust so round and full
Made of springs and cotton and wool.
But the head is the wonderment of all
With its rats, and mice, and waterfall
Like a bag of oatmeal hanging behind,
While the rats and mice—the best of their kind—
Peep out from their covers of soft, silken hair,
And laugh at the maiden, who put them up there.
While the curls and puffs and rolls all must
Be sprinkled over with diamond dust.
And a ribbon, a comb, a net with its beads
Are to go on as the fair maiden needs.
But the queer-looking bonnet's the crown of it all
Like a three-cornered patch on a queer waterfall.
While under the dainty mask veil of lace,
You will see peeping out a sweet girlish face.
And you wonder what lives in that maiden's heart,
If she ever could carry a brave woman's part,
And always enticements of evil refuse,
And help bear the burdens of him she may choose.

MAN AND WOMAN

MAN should be the broad, deep river
 Bearing commerce to the seas,
Woman like the gentle streamlet
 Winding in and out the leas.

Man should be the mighty cascade
 Dashing proudly down the rocks,
Woman the bubbling fountain
 Sending high her pearly drops.

Think not, woman, thou art naught
 Because moving gently 'long.
Thou canst soothe the heart aweary
 By thy graceful, airy song.

Thou canst slake the thirst of many.
 Thou canst make thy banks more green,
Springing lovely brilliant flowers
 'Side thy never-ceasing stream.

THE GOLDEN RULE

DO unto others as you'd like them too,
If you were in trouble, they'd do unto you.
For what the idle say care not a straw.
They ever stand ready to pick out a flaw.
Do what you think is right with all Christian zeal;
Then, though others blame, you will satisfied feel.
Open your eyes wide, and look sharply around,
As those very near will wanting be found.
Some never murmur, nor make a great fuss,
Though wanting as badly as in a great muss,
As those who are raising a great hue and cry.
You'd think they were dying or going to die.
There's a pleasure in doing, always pays well.
To the one that is needy a story 'twill tell.
There's one heart in sympathy for them doth beat,
Though the act be but trifling, a reward it will meet.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Written on the occasion of the Fowler picnic.

SHALL we ever meet again
In the homestead, on the meadow?
Over no heart a shade of pain,
Old and young there together?

Shall no fathers that were with us,
Nor no well-loved mother be
Far away, not sitting near us
'Neath the shade of that old tree?

Shall those dancing, sprightly children
And the little babes we see
Live to come again before us
Round this moss-barked apple tree?

Shall those joyous, happy maidens
All so free from care then be,
If we e'er should meet again
Round this moss-barked apple tree?

Shall those stalwart forms before us,—
Some who reap, and till, and sow,
Some who by the people chosen
To the Senate-halls oft go.

Some the story of their Jesus
Spread abroad throughout the land,
Some with cunning of the workman
Fashion beauty with their hands.—

Shall they in their pride of manhood
Stand before us then as now?
If not, 'tis the will of Jesus,
And before it we must bow.

One to fight our country's battles
Will go forth from all he loves,
Till its trials all passed over
Folds their pinions like a dove.

Bless our country, Lord, we pray Thee;
Bless our gallant volunteer;
Bless our rulers; bless the people;
Grant Thy blessing on all here.

As we stand here now before Thee
In the shade of this old tree,
Write our names as heaven's-chosen,
Jewels for eternity.

WE SHALL BE FORGOTTEN

HOW sad it is to think that we
So soon shall be forgot,
And never missed, nor wanted
In the dear old homespot.

Where our presence is so needed now
It seems they could not live
Without our love to cheer them on,
Our help and counsel give.

That our places should be filled,
Our voices be forgot,
To be as if we never were.
'Tis hard, but 'tis our lot,—

To feel that we should ever be
So very near forgot,
Another could step in and fill
The very self-same spot,

Where once we were the magnet,
Attracting all hearts there—
Now buried and forgotten,
Under the brown earth bare.

PARTINGS

HOW very sad are partings!
What sorrow fills the heart,
And surges o'er its billows
When from dear friends we part!

Clasping the hand the last time,
Knowing not if again
We e'er shall feel its pressure,
Our hearts are filled with pain.

Gazing into each other's eyes
Laden with their tears,
We read the feelings of the heart,
Know there's anguish there.

O, sacred are the handclasps,
The kiss and last goodbye,
For Heaven's brightest angel
Records each one on high!

'Tis often by our partings
We learn how dear some are,
How closely they were nestling
Deep-hid within our hearts,

Crept in our hearts so gently,
Making themselves a place
That how and when they came there
We cannot find a trace.

MY LOVE AND I

I LOVE my love and my love loves me,
Sailing away o'er the dark, blue sea,—
A comfort to him and a comfort to me:
My love for him and his love for me.

My trust in him and his trust in me
Is like the rainbow over the sea—
A promise of future bliss to come,
When my roving sailor-lad comes home.

We parted us at the break of day
In the summer time when the scented hay
Smelled as sweet as the flowers of May,—
But sorrow was in our hearts that day.

His love for me and my love for him
Is like a seraph-sung angel-hymn
Chanting a tune so low, so sweet
Telling me I and my love shall meet.

PASSED OVER

O VER the fun and the frolic of youth,
 Passed over, passed over,
Over the hours that blossomed with truth,
 Passed over, passed over,
When we drank deep draughts from pleasure's cup,
 Passed over, passed over,
When we took all life's seemings as if they were true,
 Passed over, passed over,
Over the trials and worries of life,
 Passed over, passed over,
Over the sorrows and over the strife
 Passed over, passed over.

THOUGHTS

EVERYTHING'S going, and what shall I say?
Life is fast flitting, slipping away.
A long life is ending, and what have I done;
And what can I say, when I meet death alone?
Can I tell Him that I have accomplished great things,
When I'm nearing the shadow of his dark wings?
If I were a monarch 'twould be counted as naught;
But I'm only a pauper, by Christ's blood bought.
I wished in my youth for the brightness of Life,
All sunshine, no shadow, all joy and no strife;
But I found with the sunshine, the shadows would come,
And sometimes they clouded the brightness of home.
I feel that 'tis sinful to be so cast down;
That I ought to be counting the stars in my crown.
Though naked I came, and naked must go,
There are fleecy garments, white as the snow.
Perhaps some good Angel may keep one for me
Till I cross the river of Eternity.
And the head that now is so humbly bowed down
May wear in God's Kingdom, a jewel-decked crown.

FORTY YEARS

HATH so much of my life passed,
Forty years all told?
Soon I'll have to sing the song:
I am growing old.
Yes, growing old, growing old,
Growing old, I say.
My face begins to wrinkle;
My head is growing grey.

Have I ever done or said
Anything will live,
After I am dead and gone
Any comfort give
To those are coming after
With their life of toil?
Have I in their lamps let fall
Any drop of oil

Would lighten up their pathway
As they travel on,
Or put into their sad hearts
One bright glory-song?
For then I would not murmur,—
The years are past and gone,
Though there is no work for me
And my work is done.

HEART-HOPES

I HAVE shrouded the sweetest heart-hopes,
Laid them away to rest,
Praying for grace to be content,
Feeling God knoweth best.

Built an altar, worshipped there till
God in anger would smite.
Though my heart ached, I knew full well,
Lord, Thou wert just and right.

I've set up idols and cherished them—
Caring for them was sweet—
But when my heart was loving most,
They fell around my feet.

My heart's a sepulchre full of graves,
But flowers are growing there:
The fairest ones to look upon
Are those of faith and prayer.

HEAVY BURDENED

I AM weak and heavy burdened;
Seems it's more than I can bear;
But the strong Christ knows my weakness,
Kindly listens to my prayer.

Then strength from heaven cometh
To my troubled, stricken heart,
Lifting up the heavy burden,
Helping me to bear my part.

Softly then a ray of comfort
Steals across my riven heart,
For I feel the Saviour touching,
Binding up the wounded part.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
For His great love shelters me.
For every woe His tender thought
My recompense shall be.

Then let me rest in Jesus,
If trouble comes and care;
No matter what, no matter when,—
His presence will be there.

NO MORE LIKE WHAT I USED TO BE

NO more like what I used to be
Than that knotty, moss-grown tree
Is to the vine that clings to it
So trustingly and so gracefully.

The world hath made me what I am,
Scarred me up like that old tree.
I stand now proud, and still and stern
Awaiting what comes unto me.

No more like what I used to be
Than the brightest sunset beams
Are to the lowering thunder cloud
As the lightning through it gleams.

The world hath made me what I am,
Made my heart lie cold and still,
But if it's robbed me of my own
I still am master of my will.

MY HEART IS SO WEARY

MY heart is so weary
It cannot, cannot sing.
Its notes would be dreary,
With sadness would ring.

Its strings are all broken,
And mournful its tone,
Its beauty and melody,
Hopes are all flown.

The sky is too blue,
The sun is too bright.
My heart's in the shadow
And darkness of night.

My heart has been crushed
By the world's proud scorn.
I could welcome the message
By the death-angel borne,

That would bid me be ready,
And take me up home,—
For my happiness, wishes,
And hopes are all gone.

I long for the rest there
In heaven above,
Where all is glad sunshine,
And music, and love.

I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU LEAVE ME

I WOULD mourn for you, darling,
As the dove doth its mate,
If God in His wisdom
From me you should take.

My heart would be broken,
And never again could
The fragments be gathered
In this world of pain.

I would rather lie side you
Beneath the green sod,
With spirit-wings enter
The presence of God.

For then no more sorrow,
Nor anguish, nor pain
Would rack these poor bodies
And tried hearts again.

But by the still waters,
Green pastures we'd rove,
Our voices be singing
Forever God's love.

LIFE'S STRANDS

LIFE'S strands are all unbraided,
And of their beauty shorn,
The love-locks all a-tangle,
And some of them are gone.

Swaying o'er the wild waves,
On the rock shore tossed ;
Who can e'er restore again
The lustre-beauty lost ?

Ah ! who will gather them again,
And bind the broken braid ?
None but the dear, Love-Master,
List ye what He said :

" Come nearer, child, come nearer ;
You've only gone astray.
I will gently lead you ;
You've only lost your way."

I've lost my hold on earthly things ;
I cannot lure them back.
And yet for those both near and dear
Of love I have no lack.

NOTHING FOR ME

NOTHING for me but the toil of life,
Nothing for me but the work and strife,
Nothing for me of the wayside flowers,
Nothing but work the livelong hours.
And what is it for, and why is it so?
Is it to make my garments like snow,
Is it to burnish my crown with light,
Waiting for me, flashing and bright?

Nothing but hurry the live-long day,
Even sweet dreams are driven away.
Bearing in fancy the burden by night,
Beginning in earnest at bright morning light,
No rest but Jesus,—'tis but at His feet
Have I fair longings unutterably sweet,
Telling me sometime my work shall be o'er
The weary feet pressing the golden-paved shore.

NO SHIP ON THE SEA

I LOOK for no fortune, no ship on the sea
Laden with treasure is waiting for me.
If I keep the wolf from ent'ring the door
I am content, dare ask for no more.

Dost thou expect blessings to come free to thee?
Only with asking they're granted to me.
If I get my loaf, I must down on my knees,
And search 'mongst the gleanings, mine's not in the
sheaves,
I do my own searching; no man works for me.
No wonders blossom,—no ship on the sea.

ADVERSITY

ADVERSITY'S winds have blown over my heart,
Have ruffled its calm repose,
Stirred the deep fountains of feeling therein,
Swept away hopes as they rose.

It was once patient, gay, trusting and true
Clinging to all that would love;
But now it is fitful, all would be gloom,
If Christ did not come from above.

Pity the heart all bleeding and torn
Like a new made prison-bird's breast,
Hath beat itself sore against the wire,
Striving to get to its nest.

Peace then my heart. Lie very still.
The hand that inflicts this pain
Is pow'rful to heal, till in His will
He loosens the captive's chain.

For Jesus in heaven looks down upon me.
"My child," He says, "peace, be still.
Give thy heart to thy Saviour. He will protect.
Cheerfully trust in His will."

NOBODY

O H, when I was nobody,
Nobody I had to be,
For, if I talked the whole day long,
Nobody listened to me.

I've often smiled, and often thought
What simpletons we were.
We bow so low to tawny gold,
Thrust merit true afar.

But it's the way the whole world o'er—
Gold dust blinds our eyes;
That merit true we fail to see
And worth we never prize.

There're many worthy among the poor,
And I shall ever try
To do just what I know is right,
And hold my head up high.

DON'T YOU SEE?

DON'T you see the angels coming,
Coming everywhere,
Hov'ring round my bedside, mother,
Don't you see them there?
See that bright-winged one so near me,
Casts his shadow here.
For beneath his starry brightness
Lies your darling's bier.

Rest not in the shadows, dear ones,
But come on with me.
Light is shining bright before me.
Now, dear Lord, I see.
Don't you see at death's dark portals
Angel pickets stand?
Like a wall they heap its waters,
Lead me by the hand.

Opened wide its pearly gates are.
Christ waits there for me.
Now I tread its golden pathways—
Mother, don't you see?
See your boy a bright-winged angel,
Not a pain for me.
Now I tread the golden pathways.
Mother, don't you see?

Good bye!—The word is scarcely spoken,
When death echoes back,
But a glorious halo's beaming
Down the shining track
Where my Saviour rose before me
To that hallowed land
Waiting there to crown me, mother,
One of His own band.

THE PATTERN ON LIFE'S LOOM

SLEEPING, sleeping! 'Tis just one year ago
Since my baby fell asleep.—God said, “It must be
so.”

Just when the sun was sinking behind a golden cloud,
I gave him up to kind hands to dress him in his shroud.
Passing on the low-roofed shed, my glance fell on the
west,

I saw the radiant, setting sun in glorious beauty dressed
In airy, fleecy, graceful clouds of golden, purplish blue,
And silver bells and swinging scarfs, tinged with heav-
en's blue.

My heart cried out in anguish, “Baby, hast thou gone
To heaven on the sunset by some angel borne?—
They must be white-winged angels sent to bear thee
home,”

And I searched, and searched in wonder for his baby
form.

A sound of pent-up anguish then burst upon mine ear,
“Ah, 'tis not angel music, no fancied sounds I hear,
But a wailing of the heartstrings from out that dark-
ened room!”

And another picture's woven in the pattern on life's loom.

MY BABY

WHO careth for my baby now,
Who batheth his fair limbs;
Who watcheth every little act,
Who granteth every whim?

O, care him well, thou angel-nurse,
And keep him till I come,
For don't you know that I shall want
Him in my spirit-home?

And don't you know I'm coming on?
When I knock at the gate
Then bring my darling in—will you?—there
Nor let my poor heart wait.

IN MEMORIAM

OUR Joy, our Sunbeam,
Our Darling, our Child!
O, God, this sorrow
Is making us wild!
O, cleave the dark cloud,
Our Father, we pray!
If Thou can'st comfort,
Oh, do it to-day!

Our Joy,—for the hopes
Were sweetest on earth
Were centered in her
Since Thou gave her birth.
With a sweep of thine hand
Thou hast dashed them away.
Now broken-hearted,
Father, we pray
For strength to endure it.
Thou holdest the cup,
While we are drinking
Help us to look up.

Our Sunbeam,—we know it,
And floating thereon
Motes were like gold dust
The sun shining on.
Flitting here, flitting there,

Our cheery Sunbeam,
Vanished forever
Our beautiful dream.
Where is our Darling,
Can anyone tell?
Over the river
I know very well
The angels have taken.
O woe, woe for me!
How did it happen,
And how can it be!

Our Joy, our Darling,
Our Sunbeam, our Child!
Father, this sorrow
Is making us wild.
Teach us, O, teach us!
We cannot see
Why it was best or
How it can be.

CHILDLESS

WIDOWED and fatherless, childless and motherless,
Childless and motherless, how can it be!
No little darling to sit on my knee!
Childless and motherless, teach me to see
Why I am stricken and how it can be.

Widowed and fatherless! Hast Thou in store
Sorrows and trials for me any more?
“My cup runneth o’er.” O teach me to see
Why Thou dost chasten, and how it can be.

Your Father in heaven hath garnered your all
From the full ripened sheaf and gold grains that fall
To the tiny sweet bud just opening its leaves
Under the shade of the low-bending sheaves.

No, we cannot tell you; man cannot tell
Where was the wisdom; how it was well.
When in God’s mansions your loved one’s you see,
Then you’ll know why God said, “It must be.”

THE TEARS IN MY HEART

THERE are tears in my heart that none know of,
Tears that are shed unseen
O'er the graves of many a buried hope,
Many a vanished dream.
And garlands all withered that once were culled,
Worn in their freshness and bloom
On the brow of loved ones withered like them
Sleeping the sleep of the tomb.

There are names on its graves that none know of,
Gone with the used-to-be.
I gaze in its depths, and read them there,
Forgotten by all but me.
And I gather again the withered flowers
To deck the graves that I love,
While my heart lies weeping all, all alone
Seen only by Thee above.

There are songs in my heart that none e'er hear—
The voices of long ago.
The music is hushed to all but me
And I am list'ning alone,
Yes, deep in my heart I make my graves,
Where none of the world may see,
And fancy the angels in heaven above
Are tenderly pitying me.

WHAT I WISH

O, I wish I had the magic pen
Of a gifted child of God!
I'd write "Comfort" on the hearts of men
Now passing under the rod.

I wish that I could paint bright thoughts,
And the mind with beauty fill,
Could wreath the smile, and start the tear,
And make the heart to thrill.

Were I a flower, I wish I might
Blossom in some lone spot,
Where sad and aching eyes might see
From off their dying-cot.

I wish I were a little bird.
I'd sing at the prison-bar
Of some, poor, lonely convict's cell
And carry his thoughts back far.

Back to days, when a little child
He knelt at his mother's knee.
Back to days when an honest man
He walked forth proud and free.

I wish I were an angel bright,
Magic healing on its wing.
Every sorrowing heart I'd touch
Make it with gladness ring.

I wish I were a warm sunbeam.
I would travel far and near,
Give all the light and warmth I had
To the spots that were most drear.

I wish I were a bright rain-drop.
I would fall me soft and low,
When in the east the sun was up,
So that all might see the bow.—

That lovely, brilliant promise-bow
That to doubting man was given—
A promise that a powerful hand
Would save the world in heaven.

I WISH I WERE A BIRD

I WISH, I wish I were a bird,
And to sunny climes I'd go.
I wonder if the sunshine
Is brighter where the snow
Never flings its icy mantle
O'er the graves and gardens fair,
If hearts are warmer there than here.
Pray, tell me. Is it so?

You need not go to sunny climes
To find a loving heart,
For if you will but strike down deep,
You'll touch the tender part.
In every heart there is a germ
That would spring up and bloom.
If nurtured by a careful hand,
It might not wither soon.
But rudely we oft trample on,
And crush the hearts of brothers,
Whose branches never reach far out
To touch the hearts of others.

TREACHERY

FAIR being—yes, thou art fair to look upon—
With thy soft, brown eyes, thy flowing locks;
Thy graceful, rounded limbs,
With beauty in their slightest motion,
And that sweet smile ling'ring round thy lips,
And hiding away among the soft dimples.
One, to look upon thee, would never dream
That thou wast false; yes, false to thine own sister,
Who loved and trusted thee almost as her God;
Opened her young heart's leaves, turned each page, one
by one,
Until thou knewest the holiest and truest feelings
Of thy young sister. O, how ruthlessly thou placed its
fair pages
Beneath thy foot, and turned thy knowledge
To thine own account, and heeded not the moans
That came from that heart while 'twas breaking,
Slowly breaking, beneath thy cruelty!
Yes, look at thy fair hands, and know 'twas they
That let fly the arrow that pierced that young heart;
Then turn, and look within thine own heart, and read
The dark thoughts that prompted thee to do it—
And hate thyself.

Now, come and look upon thy work; come
Within this darkened room; pull back the blind a little
way;
Let not the sun beam too brightly within these walls,
For within them went out a young heart to meet its God,

Leaning trustfully on her Saviour as she crossed the
river.

Ah! look upon her, and mark the sweet smile resting
On that marble face, cheek, and lips; and learn how
peacefully she left us.

Look on the long-drawn lines on cheek and brow,
And know 'twas thy cruelty that brought them there.
Yes, take one last, lingering look upon thy work, false
friend;

And then, go forth with that white face painted on thy
soul—

Forever.

TO MY FATHER

O FATHER in heaven! look down on thy child,
And help me to bear this deep sorrow so wild,
That twists up my heart strings, and breaks them in
twain.

My idol hath fallen, death's sorrow hath slain.
He lies now before me in slumber so deep.
O, can it be, is it the last, long death-sleep!
I listen in vain some life-token to hear,
But he's gone to heaven nevermore to be here.

Ne'er 'gain shall my feet tread close beside thine,
My head on thy shoulder, thy hand clasped in mine.
Ne'er again shall I sit 'neath the light of thine eye,
Well might I go with thee above the blue sky.
How oft I have stroked thy soft, silver hair!
I may do so no more,—thou need'st not my care.
Thou hast lain down to rest from all care and toil.
Oh, why did Death come here to make thee his spoil!
I have sat at thy feet grave lessons to learn.
Thou taught me the good way, and evil to shun;
Now thou hast gone from, and left me alone.
O, Father in heaven, take me with him home!

MOTHER'S GONE

MOTHER, are you crossing over? Do you feel the
chill

Of the waters, or doth Jesus bid the waves be still?

Mother, tell us, are you weary; doth your faith grow
dim,

Or do angels bear you over, while you hear the hymn
Of the countless ones in Glory waiting round the throne,
List'ning for the angels' trumpets signaling thee
home?

Mother, yes, you see them coming; we know it by thy
smile;

And for this thy heart hath waited trusting all the
while

That in God's own time he'd send them, and the fore-
most one

Would be him thy heart had trusted, fondly leaned upon,
Earthly joys and sorrows shared. Now on the other
side

He is waiting with the angels his immortal bride.

Mother, tell us when you get there, if the fountain's dry,
If there's room for us, thy children, up with thee on
high?

Angels, wait; I cannot leave for my immortal home,
Till I bid all those who thirst to the fountain come.

"There's a plenty, children, plenty, plenty, and to spare.
I am crossing. Almost over! Landing safely there!
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

TO MY CHILDREN

GOD has given me no goodly heritage
To leave to my children here.
I'd make them a name they'd not be ashamed
To own for a mother dear.
I'll up and be doing with all my might
Whate'er I find to do,
Improve the talents entrusted to me,
And yet be a mother true.
I can work with my head while I work with my hands,
Sprinkle my thoughts on the way
That may speak to their hearts in days that're to come
When in my grave I lay.
May my thoughts be as good, and sweet, and pure
As the scent of new-mown hay,
Send forth a savour as fragrant as it
When withered alike we lay.
It is for my children I'd wish to write
To bring them nearer their God
That they might not while walking earth so drear
Need often God's chastening rod.

TO MINE OWN

LET thy conscience be thy mentor;
Live a simple, earnest life;
Get thy strength but from thy Maker;
Cling to God and thine own wife.

Love thy babes, their childish prattle
Making music in thine home,
Guardian-angels ever keeping
Brightness round thine own hearth-stone.

Do thine alms before thy Maker,
Thy left hand ignore thy right,
If you'd live in God's own sunshine
Casting light far in the night.

Shame your manhood by no mean act;
Rise above temptation here.
Then a master-man you may be
Christ's disciple, Nature's peer.

TO ADELIA

TICK, tick, tick on the mantel.
Ticks my little clock,
While I am thinking of childhood
As back and forth I rock.
When I my mother-darling
Held her by the frock,
And wond'ringly listened to
The tickings of the clock.
Of the time when I, a maiden,
Left my father's home
This little clock they gave me,
That, when I was alone,
Might tell me life was fleeting
Although it might be fair,
While mother gently whispered,
"Live it, child, with care,
For life is not all brightness,
Dark shadows throng the way,
And light cannot be beauty
Without the shadow's play.
We cannot bear the brightness,
We need the shadow's rest
Remember God in heaven, child,
Knoweth what is best.
The poet sings a song, my child,
A lesson to us all—
The heaviest wheat is garnered
'Neath the shadows of the wall;
That many a flower of beauty
Blossoms in the shade,
While many sunned hopes wither,
In the dust are laid."

TO MY SISTER

On the death of her two sons.

DARLING sister, what shall I say?
Nothing, I can only pray.
Weep for your darling, weep you must.
I will not break your faith and trust.
Weep that their feet no longer stray
Around the house in mirth and play;
That through the halls no echoes ring
Of their glad voices as they sing.
They're singing yet joyous and free,
Roaming the streets of Eternity,
Gathering flowers from its shady dells,
Drinking draughts from its flowing wells.

IN MEMORY

OF MY SISTER

SOFTLY, come softly. Touch her with care.
Lovingly twine those sweet buds in her hair.
Tenderly place the dear hands on her breast,
Always so busy, now taking their rest.
Softly, come softly. See the smile on her face.
Death could not steal it, its beauty erase.
Sacredly bring then your tributes of flowers.
She loved them in life in her sunniest hours.
The sweetest and fairest that springs into bloom
Must shed their sweet fragrance in that darkened room.
And we'll strive with God's helping to read now aright
The lesson intended from mansions of light.
We know that God loveth, though we cannot see
Just why he chastens nor why pain should be.
Then, dear, darling sister, we bid you good-bye
With grief-heavy hearts, though we can't tell why.
For we know you have left all your cares here below
For a crown and a kingdom God had to bestow;
That angels came down with a God-blessed boon
And left a bright halo in that darkened room.

BIRTHDAY SONG

FAIR and bright the morning
That greets thy natal day.
Spring-time crowned with blossoms,
And in her own, sweet way
Is clothing all the hillside
In robes of softest sheen,
Scattering her garlands
O'er every orchard green,—
Fitting type of childhood
That heeds not, does not care,
Only looks for pleasures
And blossoms everywhere.
List! the birds are singing
A lovely, joyous strain.
You want no other music
Than their sweet refrain.
Thy birthday comes in pleasant times,
The birds are singing so.
Keep the music in thine heart,
As they come and go.
When you near the winter,
That will come to you,
May the friends around you
Prove their friendship true.
And when the birds now singing
Will sing no song for thee;
And when the orchards blooming
Blooms not for you nor me,
Then angels will be chanting
An holy harmony.
And waving palms for orchard blooms.
Awaiting you and me.

BESSIE MAY

DARLING little Bessie May,
Little Bessie May,
Bessie May of Holly,
Four years old today.
Eyes so bright and sparkling.
Tell me. Can they see
All the love that papa
Mama has for thee?

No my little Bessie;
You are not so wise
You can't read their heart-thoughts
With those dancing eyes.
You revel without knowing
In the pure love-light
That makes your little life
Happy, warm and bright.

Fairy, little Bessie
With the wavy hair
Looks as if the sunlight
Lovingly laid there.
Flowers in a garland,
Rosebuds on a stem,
Lilies in a garden,
You are like to them.

Cunning, little Bessie,
Tell me how you knew
All those little capers
Only known to you.

Tell me why we watch you,
Playing round the floor,
How with you the sunshine
Comes in at the door.

Seems to me the angels
Taught you ev'ry word,
Or you learned the lesson
Of some little bird.
Bessie May of Holly,
Four years old today,
May the Great Jehovah
Guard you all the way.

MARRIAGE

LIKE morning's gentle zephyrs, friends,
L May your young lives be,
Stepping in the marriage boat,
Floating out to sea,
An angel at the helm, my friends,
Another at the boom.
A pleasant thing it is to trace
Such pictures on life's loom.

Like summer's sweetest roses, friends,
May your earth-lives be,
Floating in your marriage-bark,
Floating out to sea,
Gathered up by angel hands
The petals as they fall,
A tribute sweet from God's high throne,
Though they're withered all.

Like holy shades of twilight, friends,
May the ending be,
Landing on the other side
In eternity,
Forevermore to rest, my friends,
Forevermore to sing
Praises to your Master there—
You High-priest and King.

WEDDING SONG

IF I could twine a wreath for thee,
I'd place it on thy brow,
And pray my God His blessing might
Fall on thy bridal-vow.

If I should breathe a prayer for thee
Upon thy bridal day
It would be that the angels might
Attend thee all thy way.

If I should breathe a wish for thee,
Gussie, it would be this:
That God would all thy trials cov'r
With an angel's kiss.

LINES

On the death of a friend.

LIKE a cloud upon the sunshine,
Like a shadow on the tomb
Came the dreaded messenger,
And took our loved one home.

She was gentle, she was lovely
Like those around the throne
Of our heavenly Father
So he took her, took her home.

The idol of her husband's heart,
The pride of all who knew her,
She passed away like morning dew
To reign in heaven forever.

The fairest flowers on earth we have
Bloom brightest near the Throne,
So an angel came, and touched her,
And bore our loved one home.

ASK ME NOT TO DANCE AGAIN

ASK me not to dance again.
My feet can never move
Along with those gay revellers
Whose hearts know naught but love.

Ask me not to tread again
Life's paths of pleasant joy.
My heart too often hath been crushed
Beneath its sad alloy.

Ask me not to love again.
I loved and trusted too.
And when the gilded bauble broke,
My heart was broken too.

Ask me not to hope again.
My heart is dark as night:
The hands of those I loved so well
Have helped to quench its light.

I never will hope or trust again,
Naught but my Saviour dear.
He never probes the bleeding heart,
But ever strives to cheer.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

THE clasp of a strong yet tender hand
I have lost in the space somewhere.
And the ring of a loving, manly voice
Is silenced for me today.

The chant of the Merry Christmas bells
Hath a minor chord for me.
They strike the notes of the olden time,
And how it used to be,

When in the parlor in our old home
Father set up the Christmas tree,
And mother went in and shut the door,
How happy we used to be.

Under the branches of that green tree
Always she knelt in prayer,
Asking the Father for everyone
Some blessing sweet and fair.

The offerings were not costly ones,
Only a loving thought
Each one unto the other—
For love cannot be bought.

Then hanging them with careful hand
Upon that Christmas tree—
Something there for everyone,
A sweet surprise to be.

And on Christmas evening
We all were gathered there,
Mother—she knew,—among the branches
Rested her silent prayer.

Those times are passed, and nevermore
Shall we meet as there we met.
Some have crossed to the golden shore,
And some are with us yet.

The dear, old home with its Christmas trees,
Its reunions bright and gay,
Will soon be lost in the midst of time,—
But they lead to endless day.

Oh! the tolling of the solemn bells,
The Merry Christmas chimes,—
We hardly know, we cannot tell
Just where they cross the lines.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH

SOMETIME—I don't know when—I shall lay me
down;

Familiar scenes will pass away; memory be flown;
Attending friends will vanish, drop off one by one.

Lost in strange forgetfulness they to my mind will seem
Like some forgotten melody or some far-off dream,
Charming in its strangeness—a happy, holy thing.

And I shall dream that angels came to take their place,
Scanning well their features, find a dear one's face,
While with shadowy fingers they new landscapes trace.

On my wearied brain, of such heavenly bliss,
Never did earth's raptures ever equal this
All the senses filled with ecstatic bliss,

While sweet, delicious music seems to fill the air—
A transport in my heart, a transport everywhere.
Where do the sweet sounds come from? Answered:
over there.

A pang of mortal agony rushes o'er my soul.
I falter at the crossing, terrors o'er me roll.
Would I were but over to that heavenly goal!

I shudder at the waves that lash me at their will,
When suddenly a voice comes saying, "Peace, be still!
I never will forsake thee. Trust, thou, in me still!"

I HAVE a claim on Royalty,
Though but a beggar born—
A crown in Immortality,
That never has been worn.

HYMN

THE Lord is my Father,
Protector and Friend.
He teacheth my proud heart
Before Him to bend.
He lifteth my spirit
Above this vain earth.

He quickened my old heart,
And gave it new birth.
When my heart in its sorrow
With bitterness aches
He graciously, kindly
The burdens hard takes.

PRAYER

PRAYER is the lifting of the heart
Up to God's white throne,
Where He sits to answer all
The prayers that are His own.

It is the Christian's safeguard;
It keepeth him from harm.
A soul that ever prayeth
Leans on a mighty arm.

Prayer is the Christian's armour,
A dart can ne'er pass through
To rankle in his bosom,
Praying as he should do.

Prayer is the Christian's anchor
That holds him steady, fast
In the broad sea of redemption,
Keeps him to the last.

It is the greatest pleasure
A Christian heart can know,—
That when he lifts his thoughts up,
They straight to God do go.

It is our great salvation.
The heart that ever prays
Is freed from all temptation
And in Heaven God saves.

OVER THE WILDERNESS

OVER the wilderness
Hark a voice calling us,
Calling the weary ones
Back to the fold.

Thrilling with vividness,
Drooping with tenderness,
Blessings all numberless
Fall on my soul.

I, in my helplessness,
And wilful waywardness,
Hugging my wickedness,
Reject them all.

Calling with tenderness
Back to the restfulness
Found in the pastures in-
Side of the fold.

I, in my foolishness,
Strange hard-heartedness
Knowing that Godliness
Is the sure way.

Knowing my hardness
Is but the foolishness
Of a sad spirit just
Going astray.

Weary with loneliness,
Joyless and comfortless,
Unsheltered and homeless,
Though help is nigh.

List! He is calling us
Over the wilderness—
Jesus of Nazareth
Just passing by.

GOSPEL GRACE, LIGHT AND LIBERTY

FORGIVE, O, Lord! forgive, I cry!
Let this sinning soul not die.
Break loose its bonds, and set it free,
Free in gospel liberty.

Oh, Son of Righteousness, arise!
Let the clouds and darkness break.
Let gospel light come freely down
This deep gloom of mine to take.

My soul is filled with anxious fear
That Thy grace I may not find;
When Thou makest Thy jewels up
I may be left behind.

Oh, give me grace and gospel light,
And gospel liberty—
That when the sands of life run down
The spirit may go free.

FAITH

THOUGH my cot may be so lowly,
Friends are ashamed to come;
Yet Jesus Christ doth lift the latch,
To make with me His home.

And though my fare be humble,
And not to spare the least;
Yet Jesus Christ will bless the board,
And make to us a feast.

Though my earthly life be dreary,
I'll up to heaven look,
And never shall I weary,
For Christ the same road took.

Though thorns be strewn, and crosses lie
Thick-scattered on the way;
I'll bear the pain, and lift the cross,—
They lead to endless day.

THOU KNOWEST

LORD, Thou knowest what I want,
Hast said thou wilt provide,
O, give me faith this to believe,
And keep me at thy side.

For then I know I shall not want,
If I but trust in Thee.
Although I am the merest speck
Yet, Lord, Thou seest me.

The smallest thing that happens me
Is known above the skies,
And minist'ring angels sent to wait
Upon the child God tries.

AN OFFERING

O HELP me, Lord, to gather up
From talents Thou hast given,
An offering to bring to Thee:
Lord of Hosts and Heaven.

I'll pluck the ripest, fairest fruit,
The brightest flowers, for Thee,
If I can make an offering
Thou wouldst accept from me.

The first and best of all that Thou
Hast kindly given me,
Though it were naught but cumin-seed,
I'll bring it back to Thee.

For life, loved ones—all that Thou
Hast given unto me—
I render thanks, and back again
I give them unto Thee.

I give Thee praise, for praise is meet,
To cover my offering o'er;
Wilt Thou accept—reach forth Thy hand—
To Thee I can give no more.

A PRAYER

O HELP me, Lord! I cannot see
That what seems right's denied to me;
That what I've worked for all my life
With tears and sighs and so much strife,
And when I thought it almost done,
Was made to feel 'twas scarce begun.
And now I'm gathering what I can—
A sacrifice to the I Am—
In hopes that I may someday see
Why it was all denied to me.

HELP ME

HELP me to rest on Thy promises,
Though I may but dimly see.
I open thy book, and read them,
And know they are meant for me.
I've listened to sin, and wasted
The powers entrusted to me.
Help me to bring from the ruin
Something quite proper for Thee.
Under the cross there is safety;
And no one can lift it for me.
Help me to bear up the burden,
And bring it directly to Thee.

THY WILL BE DONE

EVEN so as Thou would'st have
All things come to me,
And as thy wisdom seeth fit
Just so let it be.

Give me patience, Lord, to bear
My lot as it be.
If cares, toils are thickly strewn,
Strength will come to me.

If pleasure sits beside my way
With its tempting snare,
Help me, Lord, to know the way
And evil to beware.

THANKSGIVING MORNING

O LORD, on this morning, this Thanksgiving morning,

Help us to sing a sweet song unto Thee
Coupled in numbers quite fit for Thy hearing,
Blended with grace and love may it be.

All through the strain may the note of thanksgiving
Beat time to the praise, accorded to Thee,
For plenty sown broadcast all over the nation—
A melody fit for our King may it be.

And though there are some both naked and wanting,
Bless them, and keep them, and give them some more.
While some have such plenty and some are so needy,
We doubt not Thy wisdom, nor ask what it's for.

If the song of thanksgiving comes most from the needy,
We need not long wonder at blessings denied
To the rich, who forgets in his glory
Where they must come from and who dost provide.

TWILIGHT HYMN

HOW lovely are Thy works, Lord,
How beautiful to view!
The trees, the grass, the flowers
Are ever, ever new.

The setting sun, the bright clouds,
The moon just in the east,
The chirping birds, the katy-dids
Are to my soul a feast.

And out beyond the wood-trees
The Hudson's waters gleam
Like a polished silver sheet
Beneath the bright moon-beams.

Lovely vines clamber o'er
The casement where I sit,
The little tiny humming-bird
About the buds at even flits.

Where'er I turn my eyes I see
Something to make me sing,
Sing the praises of my God,
My Master, Priest and King.

REST

THERE'S a rest for the weary,
Rest for the wearied soul.
If your burden is heavy,
Christ will carry the whole.
There is peace for the weary
It is your Master's will.
'Though your path here be dreary,
Christ whispers, "Peace, be still."
If your lot here be lowly,
Christ's was e'en lowly too.
Though the clouds be dense o'erhead
He will help you through.
Through to the silver lining,
Through the dark clouds you'll ride,
Where God's mercies are shining
Bright on the other side.
And though your heart be storm-worn,
He bids the waves be still,
Saying, "My child, be patient,
Trusting your Father's will."

I'M COMING, LORD

I'm coming, Lord. I'm coming, Lord,
Toiling through the grain—
Through the wind-tossed harvest-field
Down-beaten by the rain.

I would I might if I had strength,
Cut swaths both deep and wide;
But I only gather heads by ones,
And lay them side by side.

Perchance I may, if Thou wilt help,
O Saviour, only me
Enough of grain still garner in
To bring a sheaf for Thee.

I fain would work out yonder where
The grain stands straight and strong
But what men gather in an hour
Would take me all day long.

Why is it, Lord, I am borne down
With work I would not do?
Why can't my spirit gain its rank
Among the chosen few?

I've worked me hard from early dawn
Till now the hours are late;
And I've but this poor, crumpled sheaf
To bring within the gate.

Grant patience, Lord, I thought I could
Accomplish what I would.
It may be that 'twas not Thy will,
Perhaps it was not good.

O, I will work, and I will wait
To see what God will do.
E'en now my name may be inscribed
Among the chosen few.

THE LAST ONE COMING

I LOVE my Lord in the morning,
When the sun climbs over the hill,
And light comes chasing the shadows
From mountain, brook and rill.
With the light that comes with his rising
My slumbers flee away,—
All creation doing God homage
At the breaking of day.
Shall I be the last one coming
Out of the darkness roaming
Bringing my song of praises
As the anthem raises,
All creation doing homage?
No! No! No!

I love my Lord at the noon time,
When the sun is overhead,
Hanging away up yonder
In his azure bed.
No eye, but the eye of the eagle
In his upward flight,
Can gaze on thy regal splendor
And thy dazzling light.
Shall I be the last one kneeling,
My true love revealing,
Bringing the talents entrusted,
Not one of the treasures rusted,
Receiving the seal of the righteous?
No! No! No!

I love my lord in the evening,
When the sun is going to rest,
Donning his brightest mantles,
Kindling a fire in the west
Till heaven's ablaze with his glory,
O'er the earth sheds a rosy light,
Its golden stairways resting
Far in the land of light.
Shall I be the last one climbing
While I my love am rhyming
With Heaven's music chiming
All my actions timing
To the land of love and rest?
No! No! No!

EFFICACY

THE stretched feet, the crossed hands,
The limbs all cold and pale,
The closed eyes, the hushed voice,
Tell us a weary tale.

But dying-faith and God's "Amen!"
Lightens up the whole,
Tells of immortality,
A never-dying soul.

The palsied limbs, the tottering frame
Tell us of days near spent;
But Christ, the cross, and gospel grace
The Jewish veil have rent.

What matters it if life's near spent,
Our work on earth be done,
Its battles fought, its trophies gained
If Christ and Heaven be won?

SPEEDING AWAY

Written just before eyesight failed.

SPEEDING away, speeding away,
 Away to the Glory-Land.
I see the rift, where I can pass
 Through to the Holy-Land.

Speeding away, speeding away.
 The clouds are golden-tipped.
The darkest ones are silver-lined
 Where I pass through the rift.

I'm ready, Lord, when Thou dost call;
 I've given all to Thee—
All that I am, all that I have,
 All that I love—to Thee.

Goodbye! Goodbye! I cannot come,
 My children, dear to thee;
But if ye will, and, O, ye must!
 My children, come to me.

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